



## IF YOU LOVE ME, SAY SO!

Kate, I've been six months, or nearly,  
Paying my addresses;  
I'm convinced you love me dearly:  
That your cheek confesses!  
But when other folks are by us,  
Then you turn away so!—  
Why so fearful they should eye us?—  
If you love me, say so!  
Why pretend, when Ma is near us,  
That you care not for me?  
When you think no one can hear us,  
Plainly you adore me!

Is it fair a loving suitor  
Should implore and pray so?  
Oh, remain no longer neuter,—  
If you love me, say so!  
Like a darling, be persuaded,  
Ne'er again deny it!  
Why should true love thus be shaded?  
Folks are sure to spy it.  
What's the use of such prim dealing?  
Love should never play so;  
Put aside all prudish feeling—  
If you love me, say so! E. T. W.

## THE STORY-TELLER.

### DISENCHANTMENT.

In the interior of a midland county, and on the banks of the silver Derwent, with its jutting rocks and verdant slopes, stands a house which well deserves the name given to it by its founder of Woodland Grange. It is pleasantly situated on a slight eminence that overlooks the river; and although the grounds about it are left almost in the wild luxuriance of nature, yet with such true artistic effect has she disposed the trees, and varied their rich foliage, that it would seem almost a profanation for man to lay his hands upon them, whether to prune or train. The site was evidently chosen by one who preferred solitude to society, for the nearest village is three miles off; and only a few straggling farm-houses connect the mansion with Alford. Yet a passer-by, gazing upon it in the luxuriant beauty of its summer array, would never connect the idea of want or deficiency with it. Only the dwellers in that secluded home might sometimes weary, and wish for some companionship more congenial than sighing trees or the murmuring stream.

Ellen Lee, the eldest daughter of the house, would often find the long days of summer and evenings of winter heavy on her hands; and, but for the library, to which she had unrestrained access, would hardly have known how to pass her lonely and unoccupied hours. Her father had been a great novel reader; and in one corner of his library there were scores of volumes, some claiming for their parentage the first novelists of the day, and others whose only merit was that they had served to while away a leisure hour. Of course, this was the portion of the library especially patronised by Ellen, whose mother, busy with the care of the younger children, had that vague, indefinite reverence for books often found in those who, comparatively uneducated themselves, are accustomed to associate with the cultivated and the intellectual. If Ellen were reading, she was well enough employed. Mrs. Lee gave herself no further uneasiness.

Mr. Lee once interfered, in his careless, authoritative way, to check the fire of Ellen's ardour. "How many novels have you read this week?" asked he of his daughter, one afternoon, as, all absorbed in some thrilling scene, she was straining her eyes, in the deepening twilight, to complete the chapter.

Ellen unwillingly raised her eyes, and began to reflect. "Only three," said she, at last.

"Three!" repeated Mr. Lee; "and it is only Friday! Limit yourself hereafter to two a week."

Ellen sighed, but obeyed. Youth needs some outlet for the tide of emotions and sympathies, that swell the heart in its first conscious movements; and, having no companions and few visitors, she had found nearly all her enjoyment in her reading, and centered on the heroes of imagination the feeling and romance, which her lonely and dreamy life had too early called into action; for she was as yet not quite sixteen. Her lot was, in reality, a harder one than that of many less richly endowed with the gifts of fortune. Her father preferred an isolated life, and, with a thoughtless selfishness, condemned his own family to the seclusion he loved, without considering how severely the privation of companionship must press on the younger members of his household. Indeed, Ellen herself hardly realised what she needed. She felt a void, an eager craving for something; and this she satisfied, at first, with the books her father's library afforded; and when that storehouse was exhausted, she had recourse to a circulating library in Alford, of which she was the chief support. In consequence, she lived in a world as different from the real one as can well be imagined. There was no meeting of daily wants, which she would have called sordid, by the fulfilment of daily duties that seemed trifling to her. There were no half-way measures, no compensations in her world, but heroes of exalted nobleness and refinement, ladies of exquisite beauty, awful perils, brave rescuers, generous self-devotion, and lifelong struggles with the most overwhelming distresses. She herself, in her "dream-life," filled the most opposite and ever-changing places—now a queen dispensing favours, and then an unowned orphan, rising, by beauty

and merit, to a rank equal with the highest. The only thing that "gave her pause" in these imaginings was a hard fact that never could be overcome, nor would allow itself to be put to silence by any sophistry; and this was her own personal appearance. She often tried to fancy herself a beauty so entrancing, that a crowded room would hush itself into silence as she entered; but that exceeded her power of imagination. So passing, as her reading taught her, from one extreme to another, she argued that, as she was not a beauty, she must be a fright, and was accustomed to bewail her want of personal attractions in such terms, that one unacquainted with the exaggerating medium through which she viewed everything, would be apt to think her hideous. Yet, although her eyes were gray, not green, as she always called them, and her nose had a slight upward tendency, and her face was rather square than oval, still a disinterested observer would call her a plain but agreeable-looking girl—a sort of pretty plainness, which we see so often where refinement and spirit and gentleness throw such a glamour over the face, that we are beguiled into admiration by our better judgment.

Thus time wore on, until Ellen's sixteenth birthday came round; and Mrs. Lee, apparently conscious, for the first time, that her daughter might be a young lady before very long, roused herself from the care of the little swarm of juveniles about her, and proposed a pic-nic. She had lived so long out of the world that she hardly felt equal to a regular party; but if the young people about would like to come and pass the day in the beautiful woods around their place, she would try to make it as delightful as she could. There were boats for any who might enjoy a row on the river, fishing-rods for those who liked that sport, lover-like walks for the romantic, seats for the tired or the indolent, and a feast of viands at once substantial and delicate for all.

Ellen was delighted with the idea, and so, it appeared, were the invited guests, for the acceptances were almost unanimous. Perhaps one reason might be that Mr. Lee was the acknowledged rich man of the neighbourhood, and that invitations to the Grange came so seldom that the attraction of curiosity was added to all the rest.

It was a pleasant day in early summer. Since noon, parties on foot, on horseback, and in carriages had all been wending their way to Rocken End, where a marquée and peacocks indicated the point of rendezvous. There, after having saluted their hostess, and complimented her daughter on the honour the sun and earth had both conspired to do her on this her natal day, the one shedding his brightest beams, the other donning her richest array, they diverged to seek their own gratification after their own fashion.

Amid all the bustle of gaiety around her, Ellen was too shy and unaccustomed to enter as she wished into the general enjoyment. The bashfulness engendered by her secluded life was strong upon her, fettering every movement, and making her words come forth hesitatingly and slow. Before the first hour was over, she wished everybody far away, and herself, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," with her beloved book in her hand, dreaming life away on the sofa. Besides, all about her struck her as commonplace and uninteresting. The idle compliments of the young men, the giggling laugh of the young girls, the more formal nothings of the elder members of the party, filled her with intense weariness. This was not the world; this was not life. Surely, somewhere hearts throbbled to a higher strain; words laden with thoughts of deeper moment fell from the lips. Her sympathies, ready fledged for flight as they were, folded their wings, and nestled closer than ever in her breast.

"Ah, there is my cousin Pemberton's carriage," said Mrs. Lee. "They come rather late; but they live so far off I hardly expected them at all." From the carriage alighted a young gentleman and lady. "That must be Walter Pemberton and his sister Alice. I have not seen them since they were children." And Mrs. Lee advanced to greet them, and introduce them to their young relative.

It would have been difficult to find two more gloriously beautiful human beings than Walter and Alice Pemberton. They were alike tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired, and regularly featured; she was lithe, graceful, and swift in movement as a young fawn; he stately, and with a leonine slowness and majesty.

Alas for Ellen, she had naturally been endowed with a dangerous sensibility to beauty and grace! By her peculiar mental training this had been developed to the keenness and quickness of an instinct. Almost with her first glance her heart was taken captive.

There are a number of good books full of sage advice, as "Letters to a Daughter," "Young Ladies' Friend," and a whole library of others, whose wise authors, with a singular unanimity, agree in holding up to everlasting reprobation the young girl, who would allow the straying of a single thought to a man who has not gone through a long preliminary process called "addressing," and at last plainly and manfully declared his "intentions." They are right, those wise people. If everybody followed their good advice, how much less would be the heap of misery that helps to fill the world! But there would be some minor evils attending it. If Ellen had read and obeyed

those injunctions, this story would never have been written. As it was, those were the very books she had never looked into. Her eyes had never been opened to the unaccountable inconstancy and love of conquest, which sways to such an extent the stronger portion of our kind. She believed in heroes with a simplicity and entireness only to be found in one whose mind has been nurtured, and fancy filled with the phantoms of imagination. She had worshipped them in secret; and now one stood embodied before her. How could she, with her childlike want of penetration and knowledge of the world, and her woman's power of feeling, discover that the glorious outside was all that nature, seldom lavish, had bestowed on Walter Pemberton? that those large dark eyes were brilliant with youth, not lighted by intellect? that the brow was serene, not from self-control, but the want of thought? that the low, sweetly modulated voice was the gift of nature, not the work of feeling and cultivation? that no purpose higher than vanity or love of ease swayed that noble and powerful frame?

Walter Pemberton was not unconscious of the effect he had produced. He was too well aware of his own advantages to be surprised; but as outwardly all deference and attention, and internally elate and triumphant, he stood by the side of the young girl and watched the deepening colour on her cheek, and the soft light rising to her eye, he thought that perhaps this picnic, that he had voted a bore, might prove the means of retrieving his wasted fortune and position almost lost. He had been left an orphan with an independent fortune when quite young. Already, at the age of twenty-four, he had spent all that he possessed and a part of his sister's portion. The rest was saved to her only by the interposition of relatives less generous than herself. Yet his temperament was so easy, and his self-complacency so unvarying, that he hardly seemed to feel his situation, or recognise the necessity for exertion. As heretofore, he was first in every scene of amusement or gaiety, apparently as ready to enjoy himself as ever. But in truth he had begun to reflect, as deeply as the nature of his mind would allow, on the subject of ways and means; and the only idea which he could persuade himself to accept, as combining all that he desired in itself, was the brilliant and novel one of marrying an heiress; and, as if he had some willing genius, as a slave, to work out for him his volitions, no sooner had he made up his mind to this course, than the heiress appeared ready won at the first glance. While his lips dropped words of soft but vague import his mind was busy in calculations of the hardest and most real kind. He was estimating the probable value of Mr. Lee's large estate, and the share the simple, credulous, blushing girl at his side would receive. His calculations were satisfactory; and his tones grew tenderer, while his dark eyes spoke volumes to those timid orbs, whose lids lifted themselves so seldom and so slowly.

This was a day long to be remembered by Ellen Lee. Never were visions of any opium-eater more full of ineffable splendour and content. Feeling, emotions, indefinite, misty, yet strangely potent, filled her heart and occupied her mind. She could not think; she neither hoped nor feared; she only felt. Walter Pemberton hovered about her as her shadow; but his sister, always near him, prevented his devotion from being so apparent as to be the object of remark. People only thought it natural that the young relatives should enjoy each other's society, and Mrs. Lee, glad to be released from the chaperonage to which Ellen's timidity had condemned her, took advantage of the general festivity to slip away unobserved by the gay throng. Mr. Lee appeared among them late in the evening only in time to receive their parting salutations and attend the ladies to their carriages, pleading, as an excuse for his absence, that convenient apology, a distressing headache.

Ellen sat at her window long after she had retired to her room, looking out on the soft moonlit landscape, and yielding herself to the strange sweet reveries that youth, and hope, and love, were awakening in her heart, when the sound of a guitar, accompanied by a full deep voice that she knew already but too well, floated on the air:—

*I arise from dreams of thee—and a spirit in my feet  
Hath led me—who knows how?—to thy chamber-window, sweet.*

These words, half sung, half spoken, came on the gentle night-breezes to the ear of the listening girl; and Ellen's sleep for that night was effectually banished.

The summer wore away. Gradually Ellen's feelings and visions took a definite form, greatly helped to this by the practical matter-of-fact nature of Walter's own mind. They had met often during the interval, sometimes at her own home, but oftener at little gatherings in the neighbourhood, to which she no longer showed an aversion; and in time Ellen had learned to look upon Walter as an acknowledged lover, and then as an accepted suitor. She was too untaught in the ways of the world to think it strange that he should suggest the expediency of keeping their engagement secret for a few months. It suited her own disposition to shun publicity, especially in her deepest and most sacred feelings. She wished to keep her new-found treasure to herself for a while, before allowing even her nearest friends a share in it. In time they would know it; and that all would approve her choice she doubted not. In her fancies, her "true love had never run smooth;" but now that it had come to reality, she could not endure to think for one moment of any obstacle or opposition intervening. Walter had no one but himself to consult. Her parents had always been kind and indulgent. In the man of her choice she could see no defects; and she fondly fancied that all must look upon him with her eyes.

But time and chance took the matter into their own hands, and brought to nought Walter Pemberton's well-laid scheme. A little scene between Walter and Ellen, to which Mr. Lee was an unsuspected witness, gave him an idea of the true state of affairs. A few questions to Ellen brought out all that was to be told. A little investigation into Mr. Pemberton's character and worldly condition revealed his real poverty, and worse than poverty, in both respects.

Mr. Lee was not arbitrary nor unsympathetic; on the contrary, it was a real grief to him to feel that duty required him to inflict so much present sorrow on his daughter. But he was absolute and unrelenting when his

decision was once made. Mr. Pemberton was forbidden the house, and Ellen was to hold no communication with him.

Here now was a position precisely like that of half the heroines over whose woes she had shed prophetic tears. But the feeling that she made one in the long procession of love-lorn damsels was a poor consolation to her now. She passed whole days and nights in weeping. Almost literally she was dissolving in tears. Was there anything else in life worth living for? Were not her hopes crushed, and her heart made desolate? Those were the sentiments which, in a variety of forms, filled her diary. Her parents felt that some change was needed to divert her mind, and resolved to send her away to a distant boarding-school.

The afternoon before she went away, after paying some farewell visits to her friends at Alford, she was walking slowly homewards, when Mr. Pemberton suddenly sprang over the fence, and joined her. He had seen her from a distance, and hastened to meet her to say farewell.

They walked together for some distance, not even Ellen's reverence for her father's commands being great enough to overcome this first strong impulse of her heart. At last, she forced herself to bid him adieu, and dismiss him; and, as she wrote afterwards in her diary, "the bitterness is over."

They parted with a promise of keeping faith with each other until Ellen was twenty-one. "Then," said she, "I can surely be allowed to judge for myself. Suppose my father does choose to withhold from me any share of his property, that is nothing, is it, Walter?"

"Nothing! nothing!" said he, emphatically. "Has he said that, dearest?"

"Oh, yes! and he always does what he says; but that is a trifle. I should be distressed, though, not to have his consent."

"Yes, dear, it is a hard thing to marry against the consent of one's parents. Perhaps he will relent."

"Oh, no! he never will do that!"

They parted sorrowfully and reluctantly. Ellen would have grieved still more but for her resolution to show herself a miracle of constancy. But she had not the opportunity. She had been away from home for two years, only returning at long intervals and when Walter was not in the neighbourhood; for her father became more and more determined to prevent their meeting again. If Walter had been a less honourable man, Ellen often thought he would have contrived some means of seeing her for a few moments at least; but she esteemed him the more for his strict attention to her father's prohibition. During her last visit at home, she heard various rumours of his devotion to a rich widow many years older than himself; but she smiled as she listened to the reports, and thought how little the gossips knew the real feelings of him, whose name seemed at that time to be on every one's lips.

The next winter she read in a newspaper the marriage of Walter Pemberton and Mrs. Lang, with a shock of indignation and surprise that thrilled through her whole frame. Then came the pang of a grief bitter and hopeless, followed by a season of abject, spiritless despair, all very real and strong feelings, which he who had caused them would have regarded, if he had known them, with a stupid kind of wonder, or, perhaps, as a very good joke, or a proper tribute. Fortunately, she was living among those who knew nothing of her secret engagement; and the melancholy she could not conceal they attributed to too much study, or something of the kind. Her father was sent for in consequence; and he took her into Wales, where, amid scenery so grand and majestic, her own sorrows seemed petty, and faded gradually away.

On their return, Mr. Lee decided to remove from the neighbourhood; and so it happened that eight years passed away since the time Ellen said farewell to Walter Pemberton, before she met him again. Meantime, he had become a widower.

When Ellen was twenty-four, she would have attracted attention everywhere as a graceful, accomplished, and refined woman. More mature in judgment than in years, with a mind highly cultivated, manners formed by intercourse with the best society, and a taste in dress faultlessly exquisite, the most careless observer would have recognised her at once as a high-bred lady. A great part of this improvement was due to her father, who, perceiving the mistake he had made in leaving a girl with so quick a mind and vivid imagination so much to her own guidance in intellectual matters, had tried to retrieve his error by making her his friend and companion as well as child; and, between the two, the natural affection common to the relation of parent and child had developed into a sentiment of profound, tender, and unlimited confidence.

About this time, business required that some members of the Lee family should return to the Grange for a little while; and, as Mr. Lee had become somewhat of an invalid, he deputed Ellen and her younger brother Henry to go in his stead. Ellen enjoyed very much this return to the haunts of her childhood; and her rides and walks into Alford to see her old friends there were frequent. An undefined feeling, partaking somewhat of the nature of a wish yet dread, divided her heart whenever she thought of Walter Pemberton. Yet, on the whole, she decided she would far rather not meet him.

Late in the afternoon before she was to leave, she was walking home from her farewell visits at Alford, idly musing, as her slow footfall crushed the early daisies, on the past and present, and congratulating herself, yet with a kind of regret, for which she took herself severely to task as foolish and contemptible, on having escaped a rencontre that might have awakened too much feeling even yet—for Ellen's was rather an affectionate, long-suffering, than a resentful nature—when a hasty step and a "Good evening, Miss Lee," disturbed her reverie, and startled her for a moment so, she could hardly return the salutation. Walter Pemberton was beside her, and evidently intending to be her companion for the rest of the way.

After the first feeling of surprise and annoyance was over, and Ellen's self-possession had returned, she was glad that this had happened. Now she could compare the beautiful and heroic image of her early love, which even yet had kept a sort of secret throne for itself in the deepest recesses of her

heart, and beside which all the men whom she had met showed slight and unworthy, with the real being, and see how he stood the test.

They conversed; and Ellen weighed and criticised his words, so meagre in ideas, so incorrect in expression, with the exquisite nicety of a mind trained to appreciate sense in conversation and precision in language by long intercourse with the educated and refined. Her taste, even more than her judgment, condemned him. She looked to see if she could still recognise the wonderful regularity and beauty of feature that had made him seem to her like a being apart, an embodiment of the old Grecian statues. She met his glance bent on her with a look of mingled admiration, respect, and surprise. The years that had passed over her since they parted had added to her charms. All that she had in early youth, she still retained. The freshness and the rounded contour were still there; and, besides her high-toned, upright mind, her delicate nurture, her gentle, loving heart, strengthened by time and patient culture, had triumphed over her irregular features, and given to them an expression at once so attractive and so full of dignity, that by every one the epithet lovely would be ascribed to her.

A change, the same in cause, but yet different in effect, had passed over Walter. His mind, too, had left its traces on his countenance. The poor and gross elements of his nature had marred and blurred the glorious casquet. The almost god-like beauty of his early years had passed away with his youth. All about him now was of the earth, earthy; and Ellen's love, as it had sprung up in a few hours, faded and died, for there was a worm at the root. Now, her only wish was to escape from her long walk with one who recalled so many memories that made her shrink within herself, and blush with vexation and self-reproach.

The walk and the time were suggestive of all such recollections. They hardly passed a shrub or tree that did not recal some vow from him, some tear or word of love from her. Each saw that the other was remembered. To her, the memory brought only shame and annoyance—to him, a feeling of gratified vanity and a triumphant elation, that, unfortunately for him, overpowered prudence. Blinded by the thick film of self-complacent egotism and folly, he ventured to allude to the past with regret, and ask hope for the future. He spoke of her father's cruel unkindness in separating two so fondly attached, and hinted that, though his relations in life had changed, his feelings had always been the same.

Ellen heard him to the end. The only remark to which she vouchsafed a reply was the one that referred to her father. "You mistake, Mr. Pemberton," said she, calmly, in a low, clear tone, vibrating with repressed anger and scorn, "in calling my father unkind. He has always been my best and truest friend; and I have no greater cause for gratitude to him than for the course he pursued on the occasion to which you refer. I have felt that for years; but never have been so fully convinced of it as now. Good evening."

They parted at the very tree where once she had wept so bitterly, with her head upon his shoulder, promising eternal truth. She could not endure to think of it. Those three months, that once in her foolish fondness she called the happiest part of her life, she would now have blotted from her memory at almost any sacrifice. She valued her own opinion of herself; and it lowered her in her own esteem to think she had given care and love to such a man.

Disenchanted completely, she returned to her father's house. She married, long after her days of romance were over, one whom her judgment and taste, as well as heart, approved. P. F.

THE LILY.—A SIMILE.

The boisterous winds with force assail,  
And devastating sweep the vale;  
Yon lily, bending to the gale,  
Submissively bows its head;  
But past the storm, and Phoebus brings  
His cheering rays, with zephyr's wings;  
The flower elastic upward springs,  
Its fears of danger fled.

So 'neath the storm of adverse fate  
The virtuous heart, in goodness great,  
With constant hope will patient wait,  
Whilst heaven is overcast.

Secure, with placid front and mien,  
Though clouded now, the sun serene  
Will shed his glory o'er the past,  
When stormy winds are past.

PENNA.

SELF-WILL; OR, THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER X.

The comfort of meeting their son and soothing their parental anxiety by at least witnessing his conduct, and at times sharing his society, was denied to Lord and Lady Arden, for long ere their plan of visiting the continent could be put in execution, the caprice and restlessness of Edgar had found a new object of pursuit. They received intelligence from him that he had met a gentleman who proposed visiting the Greek islands, and the prospect of novelty such a scheme held out to him was too tempting to be rejected. He had determined to accompany his friend on the projected tour, and had no doubt that he should return to England a different man, cured of his restless disposition, and restored to health and peace. He expatiated largely on the benefits he was to derive from the excursion, and spoke confidently of returning from it an altered being, seeming quite to have forgotten how lately he had acknowledged that the little gratification his travels hitherto had afforded him arose he was conscious from his own state of mind, which had cast its own sombre shade on every object; but the time was not yet arrived when he was to be convinced that it actually was his own fault that he was not, like others, capable of real enjoyment.

Lady Arden sighed as she perused his letter, for she distrusted his sanguine predictions, but to oppose was vain. She had ever been accustomed to practise resignation to the decrees of Providence, and her fortitude did not now forsake her. To Lord Arden the conduct of his son was a source of affliction so acute that it threatened to shorten his days, and to the unceasing efforts of his wife to support his spirits it was probably owing that he did not sink under it. The communication between them and their old friends the Denbeighs was

quite suspended. Sir Herbert could not forget the disappointment he had sustained, and though happy in the virtues and merits of Sir Edward Anville, he had never ceased to regret secretly the extinction of his hopes with regard to Edgar.

Soon after Lady Anville's return to England, the marriage of her friend, Lady Elizabeth, took place, and it was shortly succeeded by that of their mutual companion, the lively Emily Warham, now Duchess of Charlemont.

In the happiness of her early companions Sophia took a share, though her own was considerably damped by the deplorable state of health to which Sir Edward was reduced, and her life for some years was passed in attending him to the different places to which he was ordered by his physician, and finally in a long and gloomy attendance on a sick bed. Devotedly attached to her, Sir Edward could seldom bear her from his sight long together; and every virtue which Nature, aided by the attentive care of Lady Caroline Newton, had implanted in the breast of Sophia, shone forth in a situation the most trying to a young and beautiful woman of a disposition to enjoy the advantages her situation conferred; but Sophia passed the ordeal with honour to herself. No temptations could allure her to quit the apartment of her husband, and in soothing his hours of suffering, and the delight she saw her presence afforded him, she found an ample recompense for all her self-inflicted privations.

From Miss Irvine, Lady Anville's meritorious conduct reached the ear of Lady Arden, who felt an added pang from the recollection that her son had thrown from him in her "A pearl richer than all his tribe," and in this excellent woman had rejected the means of happiness once within his reach.

The accounts from Edgar spoke of the pleasures of his tour, his rapture at the beautiful classic scenes through which he travelled, and his resolution to view all of Greece and the Mediterranean that he could explore before he returned to his native country. With Greece he was charmed, "though living Greece no more." Still, all he saw was new and wonderful. In his letters to Irvine he was enthusiastic on the subject. He was on the point of Athens. "There," said he, "we must pause some time. My mind I hope is in a better frame to view and enjoy the wondrous ruins of Athens, than it was when I contemplated those of Rome, and I anticipate infinite gratification from viewing the stupendous monuments of art which abound in this ancient city. I am charmed with what I hear of it, but do not fear that any fair Athenian, any lovely Ida of Athens, should detain me there a willing captive. To female beauty I am in future a perfect Stoic, and shall encounter Grecian loveliness with the apathy that on that subject will henceforth sway my feelings. No! Inanimate forms alone and the great works of antiquity will employ my time and engage all my attention; and in contemplating the wonders of the Parthenon, the Acropolis, and the ruins of the Temple of Theseus, I shall cease to remember that sorrow and imprudence have embittered the days that are gone by, and shall be accumulating a store of future pleasure in conversing with you, and in relating and comparing all we have both read and seen."

Irvine, like Lady Arden, was not so sanguine as to imagine that Edgar had yet attained that state of mind calculated for real happiness. That he wished his friends to believe so was evident; but there was an ill-supported gaiety in the style of his letters which convinced those who knew him intimately, that his vivacity was not from the heart.

Two years elapsed in long and extended wanderings. At that period Edgar returned into Italy; and at Naples, which he had not before visited, fixed his abode for some time. From thence he visited Sicily, and at last became acquainted with some families of distinction, in whose society he lost the wish of returning immediately to England. Time insensibly wore away, and still he lingered. Not that he disliked his native land, or preferred a continental residence, but that he long rejected, even with loathing, a return to those scenes which reminded him of his early errors. Long since had he been convinced how widely he had erred in judgment, but he could not bear the retrospect; and it was not till added years and experience had corrected that pride of heart which had led him astray that he felt and acknowledged his own insufficiency and the over-weening vanity which had misled him. He seldom mixed with the English who resorted to Naples, and therefore heard little of his own country except from the letters of his mother and Irvine; and the only circumstance that recalled it and its inhabitants forcibly to his memory, and bitterly revived the former incidents of his life, occurred at a masqued ball given by the Marchesa della Cara, which he visited in company with some Italian friends.

The palazzo of the marchesa was much frequented by the English; but beneath the disguise of a masque they were not distinguishable, and Edgar never voluntarily sought their society. A female masque in the habit of an English peasant girl on this evening afforded him no small amusement by her wit and vivacity; and he was strongly tempted to think, from her manners and appearance, that she was his countrywoman in reality. Desirous to ascertain whether she actually was English, he accosted her in that language; and her answer convinced him he was right in his conjecture. In a masquerade tone he added, "Thou art a long way from home, pretty maiden. What part of England, I pray thee, hast thou strayed from?"

"Not farther than yourself, signor, I suspect," she replied. "My happy home was once the town of —, in —shire."

The place she named was only a mile or two from Arden Hall, and an involuntary start was visible as the name reached his ear.

"Do you know the spot, signor?" said she.

"The name is familiar to me," he answered. "I have visited that part of England formerly. Know you any great family in that vicinity?"

"The Arden estate," she replied, "is adjoining to the place I speak of. It belongs to an excellent nobleman, whose son is in this part of the Continent now, I am told."

"And are you also acquainted with him?" asked Edgar.

"I have no wish to know more of him than I do at present," she answered, "and that, save by report, is little enough. Like me, I understand, he is

wandering somewhere on this side of the Alps; but, if you are English, you must have heard of him; he refused the hand of one of our first British beauties."

"Indeed!" said Edgar, with affected surprise. "But perhaps his heart was pre-engaged."

"Oh! he has no heart," she replied; "or, if he has, it is in substance like adamant, and so frozen by self-conceit that I hear not even Italian suns can thaw its icy texture. In England he is esteemed a perfect male prototype of a certain Barbara Allen famed in song."

Edgar could not forbear laughing at this whimsical description of himself, tender as he was on the subject.

"But was there no allowance," said he, "to be made for this unfortunate man, or is he to be condemned without mercy for not falling in love with a lady he had never seen, for such I understand was the case?"

"You appear to be well informed on this matter," said she, archly. "But if you should happen to know the gentleman in question, pray do not tell him what I have been saying, nor, for the world, whisper in his ear that the lady he rejected is one of the happiest of her sex in marriage. It would be a pity to destroy that happy fence of vanity which encircles his heart and defends it from attack."

Edgar looked steadfastly at her without again speaking, for she had assailed him where most vulnerable, and, in an instant, all his old feelings were recurring with violence, and while he hesitated what answer to make to such a singular attack, the mask, saying, "Be sure you do not repeat my flippancy to your friend, if he should happen to be such," glided from his sight, and left him standing alone in the crowd forgetful of all around him save the singular being who had so strangely discovered him, for that he was known to her he could not doubt.

Edgar saw no more of the fair peasant, but her words rang in his ears long afterwards, and it was some months ere he could think on her with composure; he had vainly tried to trace the mask. There were numerous English present that evening, but not one with whose name he was acquainted, and he was compelled to remain in uncertainty.

Months and even years rolled on, and still Edgar loitered in Naples and its environs till, roused by the expostulations of Irvine, who informed him of the increasing ill health of his father, he at length determined to bid adieu to Italy and return to his native country. Within the last few months a great alteration had taken place in his disposition and sentiments; he seemed to have awakened from his long dream of vanity and become at length sensible of his errors and anxious to atone for them. And what wonderful cause had wrought such a change in a mind heretofore so elate with self-satisfaction and the pride of human reason? It had been accomplished by no miracle, nor had any supernatural power been called forth to recal him to the path of peace; the simple efforts of one humble individual had sufficed, and the naturally strong mind of Edgar was rapidly regaining its full powers when Irvine's warnings reached him.

The painful idea of his father's danger and of having himself contributed to it, made Edgar wretched, and he felt as if he could not too soon fly to England, solicit his father's forgiveness for his long neglect, and render his parents' latter days happy by his presence. Not, as formerly, were his plans hastily formed and rashly executed; he now took time for deliberation and became only more confirmed in his resolution.

Edgar was not long in bidding adieu to his Italian connections; he had formed no strict intimacy with any of that country except one individual. This was a pious ecclesiastic, to whom he had become accidentally known; a man of erudition and worth, who, pleased with the desire he perceived in the young Englishman to gain information, had kindly assisted him, and by the aid of Father Paulo, Edgar had made no inconsiderable additions to his stock of knowledge. Gradually he had become very intimate with the good monk, whose quiet, good sense, placid demeanour, and unaffected piety, early in their acquaintance had irresistibly interested him. The faults in the character of Edgar were easily discernible, and when on increasing intimacy he laid open his heart to his aged friend, and related to him the narrative of his wanderings, it required much less discernment than Father Paulo possessed not to see that his own impetuosity of character had led to all his subsequent misfortunes. Gently, and with no bitterness of reproof, the good man attempted the task which yet could never be effected, of convincing Edgar of this truth; but for Father Paulo the victory was reserved. In the retirement of a monastery near the foot of Vesuvius, and overlooking the site of the ruins of Pompeii, the holy man lived—

*Remote from man, with God he passed his days,  
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.*

Here Edgar was permitted to visit him, and while rambling amidst the wonderful monuments of antiquity, and viewing the effects of that divine visitation which laid low the pride of two ancient cities, with no companion but his aged friend, whose mind, raised by constant religious meditation above the things of this world, seemed already in heaven; the trifles which had hitherto engaged his time and attention diminished in his eyes; he wondered that he could so long have remained insensible to his own errors and his best interests, and when Irvine's letter, stating his father's illness, reached him it found him in a frame of mind best calculated to lead him to act as the writer wished.

By the advice of his monitor, Father Paulo, Edgar instantly prepared for his return to England, and of this faithful friend he took a last leave with feelings of veneration and attachment, which accompanied him to the grave, and often in after years was he heard to declare that the precepts and advice of the good monk had laid the foundation of that reform of character which led to the permanent happiness of his future life.

#### CHAPTER XI.

Exactly eight years had elapsed since the period of Edgar Arden's quitting England, when once more he made his appearance in the great world. Rigidly adhering to his determination, he had never once breathed the name

of Lady Anville or her friend, even to his mother or Irvine; but perhaps he would have been as well pleased if they had not so pertinaciously observed his former injunctions to silence on the subject. In vain by distant hints and innuendoes did he try to lead to it. Lady Arden did not seem to understand him, and Irvine resolutely avoided all allusions to the Denbeigh family. He certainly did not think Edgar's former conduct merited the gratification he could now have afforded him, and all his friends joined in concealing from him every particular of the fate of the woman he had rejected.

When, after a somewhat long stay at the Hall, Edgar did visit town, it is probable that a latent wish to hear of the fair friends would have prompted him to inquiries which, from various sources, would have procured him the information he sought; but his pride seemed to forbid the exertion, and he resolutely refrained. It is true that at the opera or the theatre his eyes were cast round with a look of eagerness that seemed to tell he was seeking some particular object. It was on one of these occasions that, in a box at no great distance, he perceived his old travelling companion Warham. The recognition was mutual at the same moment, and Warham almost immediately joined him, and now first Edgar heard of his sister's marriage.

"Emily," said Warham, "though become a widow by the death of the Duke of Charlemont, who was considerably older than herself, is still the life and spirit of the gay world. You must suffer me to introduce you to her. Her house is the most delightful in London, and I know you will like her amazingly."

Edgar tacitly assented, and was presented by his friend to the Duchess; she was a fine, elegant woman, with a countenance of extreme animation and archness, and of manners the most good-natured and easy. In a very short time Edgar found himself perfectly at ease with her, though on first entering the box a confused association of ideas, to which the recollection of his former determination to avoid Emily Warham had unavoidably led, made him appear absent and embarrassed.

It is very possible that the duchess, when his name was pronounced by her brother, could account for the confusion which, in spite of his wishes, would appear. Her eyes, by nature remarkably keen and penetrating, seemed to dart a hasty glance over his person; and no doubt every circumstance relating to him, in which, for the sake of her friend, she had once taken such an interest, occurred to her mind; for the look she gave him was long impressed on the memory of Edgar, but it was transient. In an instant she recovered the graceful ease which in general distinguished her, and she entered into a lively conversation with the gentlemen of her party, without again regarding him with any peculiar expression. Her wit was brilliant and keen; but there was no appearance of ill-nature. On the contrary, good humour beamed from her laughing features, and spoke in every action.

Before he was aware of it, Edgar found himself on the best possible terms with his new acquaintance, and had promised to dine with her in company with Warham on the following day.

It seemed as though the duchess was now desirous to cultivate an intimacy with the man whom she had formerly so severely censured. She received him at her own splendid mansion with a cordiality the most pleasing; she was evidently assiduous in her attentions, and directed her conversation more frequently to him than to others, though there was a large party present. Speaking of Italy and of Rome in particular, she said, "I find from my brother that we were very near meeting you there; but I suppose, like many other sensible travellers, you preferred the society of its inhabitants, and wisely recollected that you could enjoy that of your own country at home."

Edgar hesitated a moment, for his conscience suggested truly that he deserved no such praise; but as he could not explain the real motives of his conduct, he only said, "Perhaps I should have acted still more wisely if I had yielded to the solicitations of Warham, and joined your party."

"You could not have failed in finding it agreeable," she said; "though on recollection, some of the individuals that composed it, I believe were known to you."

"No," said Edgar; "they were all strangers to me," and his countenance assumed an expression bordering on sadness, which in an instant seemed to check the utterance of something the duchess was on the point of saying with the same archness of look which had so powerfully struck him on his introduction to her the preceding evening. Almost turning her face from him, she only quietly said, "I believe, indeed, that my brother said you were not known to the Anvilles."

Edgar summoned up all his resolution and answered, "No, to my misfortune, I am not."

The duchess looked as if she knew not what to reply; and after a moment's pause Edgar went on.

"Your Grace," said he, "must be aware that peculiar circumstances of my life rendered an introduction to Sir Edward Anville a matter of delicacy, which in the then irritable state of my mind and spirits I felt unable to encounter; and even now, though years have rolled on, and the affair by the world is forgotten, it is a subject to which I can never bear allusion with any composure even by my chosen friends."

The duchess only gravely bowed, and turned from him. Edgar followed her, and another opportunity almost immediately occurring, he said, "I need not, I think, ask your grace to pardon me, and to make allowance for the petulance of a disappointed man."

"I rather think it is I who ought to ask pardon for inflicting unintentional pain," said she, with a smile of irresistible good humour; "but the fact is, Mr. Arden, that you had formerly the ill-fortune to excite my most determined inveteracy. That time is however, as you observe, over and ought to be forgotten. By me it shall be no more alluded to, though methinks you should endeavour to bear a recurrence to it without discomposure, seeing that it is marvellously likely that even in this very room, if you are not frightened from frequenting it, you may chance to meet some of the actors in this very terrible affair; for it must be known to you that they are amongst my earliest and most intimate friends."

There seemed now an opening for learning what he most particularly wished to know, and availing himself of it, he said, with as much indifference as he could assume, "Lady Elizabeth Keswick, too, was included in your continental party, I think."

"She was," answered the duchess; "and you know, of course, that she no longer bears that name."

"I have heard that she is married," he replied; "but her present name or title I never recollect to have been told."

"Is it possible," said the duchess, "that you are ignorant that she married the Marquis of Bideford! how very singular!" and again the keen brilliant eyes of her grace darted on him the same peculiar look as before.

Edgar was puzzled to explain its meaning. "But women," thought he, "are fond of mystery, and she is wishing to embarrass me by connecting the idea of Lady Elizabeth with that of her friend, but I will disappoint her;" and after answering with an air of indifference he turned the conversation, but the arch look of the sprightly duchess was not so soon forgotten, it dwelt on his memory, and he felt certain that her grace had some meaning in it more than her words expressed.

A few days after his introduction at the house of the duchess Edgar was prevailed on by Warham to accompany him in her grace's train to an evening party at the Earl of Ashbury's. A splendid assemblage of beauty and fashion was presented to his eyes on his entrance, and when dancing commenced his spirits, which had insensibly been improving since his return to society, were so exhilarated that he hesitated not in joining the gay throng.

One of Lord Ashbury's daughters, a lively accomplished girl, was the partner Edgar selected, and the first dance was just concluded when a general buzz through the room, and the looks of the company, all directed to the door, induced him to turn his head. Only an elderly lady appeared, and disappointment was visible on every countenance. He inquired its cause of his fair partner.

"Do you not know," said she; "that the beautiful Marchioness of Bideford is expected to be here to-night. It is her first appearance in public since the death of the marquis. Like a good wife, she has secluded herself from all company ever since it happened two years ago, and is only just emerged from retirement. Though you have so long been absent from the London world, you cannot surely be ignorant of her fame."

"Really," he answered, "I am completely so, nor do I recollect till yesterday that I have ever heard her name."

"That," said Lady Ellen Ashbury, "is very possible, for it is not I believe of very ancient date, but that the renown of her who bears it should not have reached you I greatly wonder."

Little did his companion suspect the deep interest which her partner took in the lady who was the subject of conversation. The heart of Edgar beat quicker, and he listened with almost breathless attention; but, resolutely suppressing all appearance of emotion, he tried to speak with indifference while he said, "And is it her beauty for which she is so celebrated?"

"Her beauty," said Lady Ellen, "is certainly exquisite, but her character is not less extraordinary. With a very superior understanding, she has a singular artlessness and originality of manner that renders her strikingly different from any other woman of fashion I ever saw. She mixes with the gay world with the same ease and indifference as if she were in her own dressing-room. Mr. Oglethorpe, who, you know, is a professed character-monger, says she is best described by negatives. She has no affectation; no airs of fashion; no small talk; no frivolity; in short, none of those attributes with which the lords of the creation so liberally caricature females in general."

"She is then," said Edgar, "a sort of *rara avis*, I should imagine—a description of being," he added, with a sigh, "for which I so early imbibed such a rooted antipathy, that I fear even the powerful charms of this celebrated marchioness would fail to eradicate it."

"Do not be too severe," said Lady Ellen, laughing. "I should not be surprised, I assure you, to see you yet one of her captives; but beware! for she is a merciless victor; see her heart, it is said, is perfectly invulnerable."

"For her own sake we will hope it will remain so," said Edgar.

Notwithstanding his assumed indifference, however, Edgar could not hear of the acknowledged excellence of the woman he had, even in the transient views he had obtained of her, so greatly admired, without an emotion that he vainly tried to suppress; and, though he scarcely allowed himself to think so, he certainly wished much to behold again the beautiful form which had never been effaced from his memory; but it so happened that he failed to encounter her personally, though her praises resounded daily in his ears. It was singular that the name of her friend, Lady Anville, never reached him; but he recollecting hearing of her retired habits, and he felt rather glad than otherwise that he was spared meeting her. Of the marchioness and her fame he was destined to hear in every company he entered; her still exquisite beauty, her talents, and her various excellencies were the themes of every tongue; and, as his intimacy at the house of the duchess continued to increase, he thought he had at last a fair chance of beholding her; but again was he disappointed; for, on the very day when he was to have formed one of a dinner party at Lord Ashbury's, where the marchioness was to have been present, the papers announced that she had left town, having been hastily summoned to attend the deathbed of her father, the Earl of Keswick.

From this time Edgar gave up the expectation; and the charms he found in the conversation of the duchess, and the society to be met with at her house speedily allayed the impatience he had felt on the subject. By his friends in general, it was soon suspected that the attractions of the gay duchess had won his heart; and Edgar himself had more than once thought he felt more anxiety respecting her than for any other female since the days of his first attachment to Julia. There was so much spirit and variety in her deportment that she preserved an incessant interest in the mind. She was not beautiful, but she was pleasing and animated without coquetry; and Edgar had lately detected himself on more than one occasion in soliloquising, "How singular it would be, if, after all, Emily Warham should become my wife!" Still Lady

Elizabeth Keswick's image reigned there as he had beheld her by the bed of the sick cottager, and, whenever it appeared to his mind's eye, that of the duchess instantly vanished.

At this period, a relapse of Lord Arden's indisposition engaged the whole of his son's attention; he instantly quitted town, and for several months devoted himself to filial duties. With his mother he shared the fatigue of attending the couch of his father. He read to and soothed him by conversation in the hours of pain and languor, and to the fond parental affection of Lord Arden his son was amply restored; while his mother, as she viewed his conduct with delight and approbation, deplored that he should ever have been tempted to swerve from the path of duty by youthful passion. She saw and rejoiced in the change that had taken place in his mind and habits. "And now," thought she, "that it is too late, could he know Sophia Denbeigh he must have loved her; for now, and not till now, could the heart of Edgar have appreciated her excellencies." But all her thoughts on this subject were confined to her own bosom; for never in conversation with her son was the subject alluded to. Long had it ceased to be a topic of discussion with Lord Arden. By mutual consent it had been dropped, as too painful not to recall all they had formerly suffered from their son's opposition, as well as the distressing consciousness of their estrangement from the Denbeigh family, their earliest and most esteemed friends.

After a long confinement Lord Arden once more revived, and was declared to be in a state of convalescence. The spring was now advanced, and both Lord and Lady Arden were anxious that their son should exchange the seclusion of the Hall for the society of his friends in town; and with spirits greatly restored by the recovery of his father, he once more entered the fashionable world. He was received with all the cordiality of friendship by Irvine and his other friends, amongst whom Warham and his sister appeared most pleased to behold him again. The parties of the latter were amongst the most splendid and select in town, and Edgar was soon a constant frequenter of them. Report's hundred tongues were very shortly busy, and declared him one of the duchess's numerous lovers, and he was often rallied on the subject; but charming as he granted the fair Emily to be, he was convinced he bore about him a charmed heart, impenetrable to future attachment, and to all the hopes, fears, and anxieties of love. Still he scrupled not to acknowledge that the varied attractions of the duchess had awakened an interest which he had once thought he could never have felt again. But real love!—no, that was quite out of the question with him for ever.

## CHAPTER XII.

Though a professed satellite of the elegant duchess the heart of Edgar was yet untouched; and while Irvine and his sister believed him to be fascinated by the charms of her grace, he was in reality merely seeking his own amusement by frequenting her parties, which certainly were amongst the most agreeable in town. They generally consisted of the gay, the witty, and the most celebrated authors of the age. The autumn months were usually passed by her grace at her splendid mansion of Charlemont. Edgar was now included in the party she had selected to attend her there; but some engagements detained him in town a few weeks after she had quitted it; and rather impatiently he awaited the period destined for rejoining her. Though certainly not attracted individually by the duchess, he always felt eager for her society; and an indefinable hope seemed to possess his mind that he should, through her, hear somewhat on a subject that seemed interdicted by his own family. It would seem, however, as if the duchess had formed a similar resolution; for, most provokingly, she evaded giving him any information relating to the Marchioness of Bideford, though Edgar knew their intimacy to be still great as ever, and the name of Lady Anville had never once passed her lips. It was certainly strange; but once domesticated beneath her roof, as he was now likely to be, he felt that it was improbable he could avoid gaining some intelligence of friends to whom he knew she was so much attached. That utter repugnance to leading to the subject himself, which as yet he had always manifested, had prevented him from directly asking Warham what he wished to know; and he fancied he had observed in him precisely the same evasion on this topic as he was assured the duchess had shown towards him.

His time after her grace left town was passed in general with Irvine and some mutual friends. Irvine and his sister had received from the duchess an invitation to join her at Charlemont, but they had not decided on accepting it, when Edgar resolved on paying his father and mother a week's visit at the Hall previous to his projected excursion. His presence always had the effect of raising the spirits of Lord Arden and his mother, and rejoicing in the amended health of the former, his son quitted the paternal home, and arrived according to his promise at the magnificent seat of the duchess, where art and nature had united to render it one scene of gaiety and splendour.

The duchess and her friends were absent on a morning excursion. Edgar had leisure to admire her grace's superb residence, and to lounge through a part of the grounds before their return. On re-entering the house, he obtained a direction to the library; a spacious and elegant apartment, terminated by a tasteful boudoir, which he had nearly entered ere almost enveloped by the drapery he discovered a lady, who with a map in her hand and several others on the small ornamented table before her, seemed intent on her employment. The step of Edgar on the softly carpeted floor had failed to rouse her, and he had sufficient time to contemplate as much of her form as the surrounding drapery left visible before she perceived him. In the attempt to retreat unseen he was discovered, and a pair of fine expressive eyes rested on his countenance as, rising suddenly from the sofa, she started in evident surprise. Compelled now to apologise for his intrusion he advanced; she heard him with the graceful ease that betokened familiarity with high life, and saying that the Duchess of Charlemont and her friends would soon return, she took with her the maps from the table and retired.

Edgar followed her through the library with his eyes gazing with

involuntary admiration on the most finished and perfect form he had ever beheld. He thought he had never contemplated real beauty till now, and for one short moment of his life only had he ever seen anything resembling the grace and elegance of the lovely stranger. Throwing himself on the sofa from which she had risen, he continued in one attitude till the entrance of the duchess and her party recalled him from the reverie into which his late encounter had thrown him. The lively conversation that ensued, though it failed to banish the beautiful unknown from his memory, at least succeeded in diverting his attention for the time. No mention was made of her, and Edgar, though unwilling to analyse his own motives for his silence on the subject forbore recurring to it. That it was the Marchioness of Bideford he had seen, and in her the well-remembered Lady Elizabeth Keswick, he could not doubt. Though matured by time and past youth's first early bloom, she was still as beautiful as when he had beheld her by the bedside of the dying cottager, and all his anxiety on the subject returned. At length his long suppressed curiosity was to be gratified, for that she was one of the guests at present resident at Charlemont seemed certain. Again, how singular appeared the conduct of the duchess, who in enumerating the names and titles of the company she expected had omitted that of the marchioness. Could it be design? Perhaps the marchioness in memory of the slight shown her friend still retained her ancient prejudice against him, and his first idea was to quit Charlemont again immediately, but a few minutes' reflection determined him to await an introduction to the marchioness, and be guided in his behaviour by her manner towards him.

The duchess rallied him on his absence and thoughtfulness, but it increased when dinner was served and no fair stranger appeared in the eating-room; but scarcely had the company assembled when, "Where's the marchioness?" and "Will not the marchioness join us to-day?" were sentiments that reached his ear from more than one voice.

"The marchioness desires the duchess to excuse her," was the answer. "Mr. Arden, you have never seen the Marchioness of Bideford, I think," said the duchess with a look so full of meaning that Edgar was tempted to think she had heard of his interview of the morning, and in rather a hesitating accent he answered, "I unintentionally intruded this morning, soon after my arrival, on the retirement of a lady a stranger to me. Probably she was the marchioness."

"My dear Mr. Arden," said the duchess, "if you have ever seen the Marchioness of Bideford, it is impossible to forget her, she is one of those fated to make an indelible impression. Be warned, therefore, and remember I have given you notice of your danger."

"Pardon me," said Edgar, assuming a tone of raillery; "but I can apprehend no greater danger than that I already have to encounter. At all events I will brave it."

"Indeed I believe you may," she answered, "though, believe me, you may find the trial greater than you are aware of."

In the evening when Lady Ellen Ashbury, always a great favourite of Edgar from the good humour and unaffected sweetness of her manners, with her sisters and some others of the company had formed in concert and were engaged in the music-room, attended by Mr. Oglethorpe and most of the gentlemen, Edgar in conversation with the duchess had lingered in the drawing-room. She had just intimated to him her expectation of seeing Irvine and his sister at Charlemont within a few days. "For though," said she, "Mr. Irvine is one of the gravest of the grave, and has not the smallest scruple at issuing his protest against some of the amusements and delights of the fashionable world, even though they are such as I myself partake of, and though Miss Irvine is a complete pattern lady, yet there is so much respect due to their characters, and they are so intrinsically excellent that with all my frivolity I love them both, and never am happier than when they contribute to form my home circle."

Edgar was delighted with this spontaneous tribute to the worth of his friends, and it raised the fair speaker higher than ever in his opinion. She saw his approbation in his countenance, and laughingly said, "Now then that I have with such well-timed policy made you my friend for ever by acknowledging my admiration of these good folks, we will join the musical party," and rising she walked towards the music-room.

Through the opened folding doors they saw Lady Ellen at the piano, surrounded by most of the company, while apart from the rest at a small work-table, apparently intent on her work, sat the graceful form whom Edgar had disturbed in the boudoir.

"Oh, the dear marchioness!" cried the duchess at sight of her, and darting forward was in a moment at her side, while Edgar left alone followed her with his eyes.

The beautiful profile of the marchioness now in full view brought decided conviction that she was the identical lady he had beheld at the cottage. His looks were eagerly fixed on her, and he thought that the cordial smile of welcome with which she received her friend added new charms to a face more lovely than he could have imagined in the wildest dreams of fancy. Intently he observed them, and once he thought he saw a side glance of the duchess directed towards him; but the marchioness appeared quite unconscious of his vicinity, and continued chatting in a low tone with her friend till the latter arose, and beckoning Edgar said, "Do, Mr. Arden, assist me in forming a set for a dance. We sadly need something inspiriting just now."

Glad to be employed Edgar obeyed her commands, and seeking Lady Ellen Ashbury, who had just risen from the piano, he claimed her hand and her assistance to arrange the party. When they had formed the quadrille one more lady only was required; while Lady Ellen was casting her eyes round in search of one that was disengaged, Edgar ventured to say, "Does the marchioness never dance?"

"No," she answered, "very seldom indeed. She has the least display and the fewest pretensions of anybody in the world."

"With the highest claims to all that is excellent and praiseworthy," said a voice behind them.

It was the critic, Mr. Oglethorpe, who spoke. Edgar knew him for a keen observer and a man of good talents, and he had heard from Lady Ellen that his admiration of the marchioness was unbounded. He had more than once noticed that this gentleman had observed him with a sort of watchfulness, singular in an indifferent acquaintance, and, knowing his talents, Edgar had made some advances towards him; but they had been ungraciously received and invariably repulsed by Mr. Oglethorpe, with a coldness almost amounting to rudeness.

Unaccustomed to such a reception, Edgar had retreated, and if he had not thus accidentally met him at Charlemont, where it was the boast and delight of the duchess to collect such characters as rendered her house a scene of entertainment to her visitors, it is probable neither would ever have known more of the other. From the usual distance of his manners towards him, Edgar was not a little surprised by this abrupt address, but, ready to add his testimony, with more presence of mind than he usually manifested, he answered, smiling, "Those claims will, doubtless, be too generally allowed for the gauntlet to be taken up, at least, by any one present."

"And are you, Mr. Arden, one of those who acknowledge them?" said Mr. Oglethorpe, with one of his singular and scrutinizing glances.

"My own personal knowledge of the marchioness," replied Edgar, "is too imperfect to allow me to decide on more than the beauty which is too exquisite not to ensure universal admiration; but the opinions of those on whose judgment I have the firmest reliance have confirmed the public decision in her favour."

"You had better improve that knowledge, sir," said Mr. Oglethorpe, with more sternness than Edgar thought he had any right to assume. "It may teach you some useful lessons," and so saying he abruptly walked away.

"Surely," said Edgar, to his fair partner, "Mr. Oglethorpe is a very singular character."

"Undoubtedly," she answered; "his severity is proverbial, and woe to those who come under his lash. How you have incurred his displeasure you best know, but it appears that he has marked you for some of his ungracious animadversions."

"Of the cause I am as ignorant as yourself," he replied.

That Edgar was right in fancying Mr. Oglethorpe regarded him with more than common interest he was every hour more certain, though why he should observe him at all times remained a mystery.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

It was the fate of Edgar to behold the woman who had unconsciously occupied so much of his thoughts for some years past in a character the most difficult to support with honour and consistency.

Amongst the company at Charlemont, which was now daily augmenting in number, there appeared at least three formidable competitors for the favour of the elegant marchioness. Sir Henry Sackville, a most determined and persevering admirer, seemed to have come there purposely to promote his suit. Colonel Sidmouth, an amiable accomplished man, whose whole heart seemed devoted to the same fair object, paid her almost exclusive attention, and the young Earl of Carwillan, rich, gay, and violently in love, pursued her with more than common ardour. In every gentleman that composed the party she had more or less an admirer; but these three were declaredly attached to her. The perfect ease and composure of her manner towards them, her entire freedom from all coquetry, and the exemplary prudence of her whole deportment were too singular and too complete not to attract the approbation she so well merited.

Thrown at a distance by the continual presence of her three lovers, Edgar began to wish he had never approached Charlemont, and had nearly made a resolution to quit it precipitately, but that, conscious of his own motives, he feared they would be suspected by others, and the melancholy satisfaction of keeping his own secret he resolved should be his. He dreaded the penetration of the duchess, and, to avoid her raillery, assumed as much indifference of manner as possible, and dedicated his attentions chiefly to her and Lady Ellen Ashbury. But, though unable to approach more nearly to the marchioness, he was far from a disinterested spectator. Secretly, but vigilantly, he watched her conduct, and he felt convinced from observation that her heart was wholly untouched by the numerous pretenders to her favour. Her total exemption from all pretensions or affectation rendered her so strikingly different from every other fashionable woman, that she scarcely seemed to be of the same species. Much the greater part of her time was passed in her own apartment, which she seldom quitted till dinner, pursuing quietly her own occupation; but when she did appear it was impossible to discover from her manner or words how she had been employed, plainly proving that no wish to affect singularity actuated her conduct. Her entrance was invariably watched by the three pretenders to her hand; and from that moment she was surrounded for the rest of the day with undaunted perseverance by the trio, who resolutely barred all access to her from others; and it was several days after their arrival ere Edgar had an opportunity of addressing any conversation to her, and then it was the consequence of an incident which discovered to him another trait in her amiable, unassuming character.

It was in the earlier part of a very beautiful morning that Edgar, having seen most of the gentlemen and several of the ladies with them engaged in fishing, that, more inclined for solitude and musing, he directed his steps another way, and lounging over the duchess's domain was surprised to observe the marchioness issue from a cottage which stood in a pretty isolated spot between the mansion and the village, but not in the direct road to either. A glow brighter than the pure colour that generally irradiated her delicate complexion suffused the cheek of the marchioness when she beheld him. According to her usual custom she had breakfasted alone, and had not been seen that day by the company in the house. The slight emotion which had tinged her countenance on beholding him was quickly suppressed, and in her wonted unaffected manner she returned the greetings of Edgar.

"You are as yet a stranger here," she said, when Edgar intimated his surprise at meeting her; "and are not aware of the delightful rules and regulations made by our dear duchess for the comfort and accommodation of her guests. Amongst them that which enacts that everybody shall be left at entire liberty to act according to their own inclination, and shall never be forced into company contrary to their own wishes, is to me the most valuable; as such is her grace's mental activity that she contrives for herself more occupation than she can possibly get through, and as by perseverance in having the morning to myself I have some time at my own disposal, I am enabled to afford her assistance. A daily visit to the village school, from which you just saw me come, is a favourite amusement of mine; and now you have the explanation of my secret excursion, for I am no friend to mysteries."

Just as she spoke, the duchess appeared; she had come out purposely to meet her friend. That peculiarly arch expression of countenance, which Edgar had so often noticed, was visible when she saw by whom the marchioness was attended; and it seemed as if the latter tried to suppress any observation her friend was inclined to make, by relating her visit to the school, the progress of some of its little members, and some anecdotes which were interesting to her who had established it.

"I believe, Mr. Arden," said the duchess, "that Lady Arden is very celebrated in this way. I have been told by Miss Irvine of the excellence and munificence of her charitable establishments."

"I am ashamed," said Edgar, "to acknowledge that my long absence from England has made me reprehensibly ignorant in that particular; but my mother's known benevolence is such that I have no doubt her charities are rather increased than diminished since the time that it used to be a favourite employment in my school vacations to go forth on her charitable missions."

"Well," said the duchess, "now that you have done roving, you must retrieve your character, and not again desert your country."

"I have no intention, believe me," said Edgar, "of ever again quitting England."

"I am heartily glad to hear that you are become a more rational being than I had once reason to think you," said the duchess, laughing, "though I had not, at the period to which I allude, the honour of your acquaintance."

"Spare me," said Edgar, seeing at that moment the bright eyes of the marchioness cast on him and instantly withdrawn. "Spare me, I conjure you, when I acknowledge candidly that there is one event in my life to which I can never with any composure bear an allusion."

"Really," said the duchess; "then I beg your pardon, and promise never to offend again;" and she gaily turned the conversation to the infinite relief of Edgar, who felt a great dread of hearing his affair with Miss Denbeigh discussed before this, her particular friend. Perhaps he was not very anxious to revive it in her mind, conscious that his conduct appeared to no advantage throughout. The good-natured duchess performed her promise; and no further allusion to former subjects of regret caused him any embarrassment.

Irvine and his sister arrived at Charlemont; and the cordiality of their reception from the marchioness greatly surprised Edgar; for though he knew there was an acquaintance, he was unprepared to observe such a degree of intimacy as he found subsisted. His admiration of the marchioness was soon very evident to his friends; and when Irvine rallied him on it, his sister gravely advised him to desist, adding that she should herself be very sorry to see Mr. Arden become attached to her friend.

"And why, my dear madam, should you regret a circumstance which might eventually conduce to my happiness?" said Edgar.

"Do you then think it probable," said Miss Irvine, "that the marchioness can have forgotten your treatment of Miss Denbeigh?"

"There again!" cried Edgar, pettishly. "Ever does that unfortunate, ill-omened affair, like the ghost of *Banquo*, arise to appal me, and to interfere between me and any prospect of felicity."

"Thus it must ever be with our errors," said Irvine; "they will arise in terrible array against us, in spite of every precaution. Certainly it is perfectly natural, as my sister justly observes, that the Marchioness of Bideford should be rather tenacious on the subject of Miss Denbeigh."

"I cannot agree with you," said Edgar; "it is carrying friendship to a romantic and reprehensible height, I think, when it tends to such determined malignity as to forbid all forgiveness of an unintentional injury."

"Smooth your ruffled plumes, good friend," said the duchess, who had accidentally overheard the last sentence, "and let me be umpire in the terrible affair—for such it would seem by the cloud that lowers on your imperial brow."

"Not for worlds," said Edgar, with all his native impetuosity. "I pray," he added to Miss Irvine, "that this subject may not again be mentioned, lest it should compel me to quit the society of friends I regard, who, I trust will in future bear in mind that the feelings they are too apt to wound by a recurrence to former events, are yet scarcely restored to their proper tone." So saying, he hastily walked away, and through the glass doors of the conservatory disappeared into the garden.

The loud and seemingly involuntary laugh in which the duchess indulged, as soon as Edgar was out of sight and hearing, rather disconcerted Miss Irvine, whose gentleness and gravity were so different from the airy, volatile spirits of the laughter-loving duchess.

"Let him fly to solitude, poor youth," exclaimed the latter, "and solace himself with the delusive idea of having the secret all to himself, while we enjoy the laugh at his expense. Yes, most magnanimous sir," she continued, apostrophising the absent Edgar, "you are now just feeling what I have always wished might one day or other be your lot, and most devoutly do I hope you may be punished as you amply deserve."

"Your grace is surely too severe on Arden now," said Irvine; "from what I know of his heart (and I believe few men know it better), I am of opinion that the punishment of his pertinacity has not been delayed till this time. I have every reason to believe that it was the immediate consequence of his errors."

"You are partial, Mr. Irvine," returned the duchess, "but I am willing to allow that, great and almost unpardonable as Mr. Arden's faults have been in my eyes, they are mixed with many amiable and endearing qualities, and when he has undergone the necessary probation, I think it is possible he may prove a very deserving character. Just at present his pride is bitterly wounded at finding himself over head and ears in love with our dear marchioness. He scarcely owns it yet to his own heart, and with resolute blindness he thinks it is unsuspected by any other human being, little supposing that I have watched every look and action, and derived infinite amusement from the discovery."

"Do not be a merciless victor," said Irvine, laughing; "and consider that Edgar has all his life been a spoiled child. Adversity, however, has had the happiest effects on his mind, and I am greatly mistaken if even your grace ere long does not acknowledge, that he is entitled to your pity."

"Oh! pity I will already accord him," she replied, laughing; "for to a proud heart like his I can conceive no greater mortification than that which my prophetic spirit tells me is in store for him," and so saying, she left the brother and sister to talk of Edgar and the passion he had evidently imbibed for the fair marchioness.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### VULCAN'S MARRIAGE.—AN ANTIQUE STUDY.

There was joy throughout the azure dome  
Of mighty Jove's Olympian home—  
Through court, and aisle, and crystal hall,  
Soft strains of angel music fall,  
And countless voices hymn, in lays  
Of heavenly sweetness, Hymen's praise.

See! amid the tuneful choir,  
Apollo strikes his golden lyre,  
And radiant forms advance.  
Young Hebe strews the way with flowers,  
And gaily the rosy-bosomed hours  
Through Heaven's wide portal dance.  
Great Jove forgets his thunderbolt the while,  
And heaven's blue vault reflects the splendour of his smile.

Fierce Mars foregoes his crested pride,  
And Pallas lays her shield aside;  
O'er the purple waves the mermaids fair  
Rise, shaking back their golden hair;  
And scaly sea-gods, wondering, lean  
From their coral beds to watch the scene.  
See! in a chariot drawn by doves,  
Soft sighs, and tears, and fluttering loves,

Attend a bridal pair.  
Toil-stain'd is he—sore Labour's son;  
She, radiant as the summer sun,  
Young and surpassing fair—  
'Tis sweaty Vulcan; and he bears away  
Beauty's and Love's bright queen, to be  
his bride to-day.

In days of old, when Greece was young,  
This tale her noblest poets sung;  
Its moral still floats on time's tide—  
"Let Toil to Beauty be allied."  
Still let the mind soar out beyond  
The close, dark air of labour's bond,  
To wed itself to aught that's fair,  
In those realms many-mansion'd, where  
Rules the enchantress Art—  
To woo bright thoughts through Fancy's  
bowers,  
Or bring home melody's soft showers,  
To soothe the weary heart—  
To court a patriot-love with wizard pen,  
Or win a name for aye where science holds  
her reign.

G. H.

#### THE LADY OF THE FELL HOUSE.

##### CHAPTER XXIV.

With a beating heart Leicester Wilburn was waiting in the luxurious little room to which he had been conducted. Everything bore the stamp of wealth, guided by the most exquisite taste.

"And I have dared to dream of her!" he mentally exclaimed, as the contrast of his own poor home flashed across his mind. "And yet," he added, looking at his fine figure reflected in an opposite glass, "and yet, but for the accident of wealth, I might be her equal. And wealth may still be mine. My genius has been acknowledged by some severe judges, and what will not a man of genius aspire to, if he has an object to work for?—a mountain summit, however distant, however far above him, on which to fix the eyes of his ambition?"

In the midst of his dream the door opened, and Guendolen stood before him. If her apartment had impressed him with the idea of wealth, what could he think of herself as she stood there, resplendent as an Eastern queen? He started and actually looked abashed; but Guendolen, thinking as little of her diamonds as she would had they been only so many daisy chains wreathed around her, held out her hand and clasped his with a hearty shake.

"What is amiss?" she said, feeling that his hand slightly trembled, and was cold as death.

"Nothing," he replied, "except that I fear I bring you bad news. That is the name of the gentleman for whom the tortoise-shell cabinet was purchased," and he gave her the paper that he had received from Mr. Perkins.

She turned pale as she read it, but quickly recovered and threw the paper into the fire, saying, "It is as I feared, and I am in the power of my worst enemy."

"Oh, do not say so!" said Leicester, kneeling at her feet and seizing her hand, which he pressed enthusiastically to his lips. "Let me work for you, fight for you, die for you. Tell me what I can do, for my life is at your service."

"Dear friend, I fully believe it," she replied, raising him from his knee, "and when service can be rendered by you do not doubt that I will demand it. Hark!" she exclaimed clinging to his arm, as a voice speaking to her maid who waited in the ante-room, struck her ear. "He is coming; I would not have him see you. Go behind that curtain and do not speak nor stir, whatever may happen, unless I call upon you by name."

Leicester was hardly ensconced in the recess of the window behind the heavy curtains, through the opening of which he contrived a small space to look through, when Sir Frederick Elphinstone entered the room.

"How is this, Sir Frederick?" said Guendolen, rising haughtily from the chair into which she had thrown herself. "How is that you intrude upon me unannounced?"

"Where is your visitor?" he abruptly demanded.

"He is gone," she replied, striking the little gong upon the table to summon her maid.

"I have sent your maid upon an errand that will occupy her some time," said the baronet.

"You use great freedom, sir, in disposing of my servants," said Guendolen, indignantly; "I require her attendance, and I desire also to know why she admitted you into my presence without my permission."

"I have a right to enter your rooms when it pleases me, Lady Elphinstone."

"You address me by a title which you withheld when I would have accepted it, and which I now wholly disclaim," returned Guendolen. "I am not, and never will be Lady Elphinstone."

"You cannot help it, sweet," he retorted. "Now sit down; and let us discuss this question calmly."

Guendolen sat down, though more from the fear that her trembling limbs would refuse to support her, than from any wish for a prolonged discussion with Sir Frederick.

"My plans," he said, "are all arranged; though I should not have unfolded them to you for some weeks, but for a circumstance which I shall explain to you presently. As soon as Sylvia's marriage is over, I intend to take you on the continent, leaving the proofs of our marriage in the hands of my lawyer."

"What proofs have you?" exclaimed Guendolen, with a look of defiance that her failing heart belied.

"I have the proof," he replied, "the proof that you have been endeavouring for months to obtain from your aunt, and which is now in my possession."

"And Lady Elphinstone's fortune?" said Guendolen. "You have squandered that away; how will you refund it to her?"

"Her family are wealthy," he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders; "they must manage to give her another. When a fountain is dry we cannot obtain water from it."

"And your son," continued Guendolen; "have you no consideration for him, whose prospects you will blacken with illegitimacy?"

"I will give him to you, dearest," said Sir Frederick. "You will bring him up better than his own mother. We must go abroad, and remain there beyond the reach of the English law. One country will do as well as another. Ah! when you came here first, thinking, like a little Quixote as you were, to personate the character of a dragon, and compel me by the fear of being claimed as your husband, to give way to the whims of my fool of a wife, you little imagined how glad I should soon become to have those claims established. You little thought that I should be the first to assert them."

"Little, indeed," replied Guendolen; "but there is no accounting for the fickleness of man. After your former treatment of me, how could I suppose that I should ever be anything but an object of aversion to you?"

"Look there! he said, pointing to a mirror which reflected her at full length; "the change is not in me, but in you."

She cast an impatient glance towards the mirror, and turned away; yet maintaining an outward calmness, for she was meditating a plan of escape, while turning over in her agitated brain Sir Frederick's motives in paying her this untimely visit. It was strange, she thought, that he should communicate his plans to her so early, instead of lulling her to repose till all was ripe for action. The fear with which he had inspired her at the time of her marriage returned upon her with almost its original force, now that she found herself again in his power; but she resolutely conquered all exhibition of it and preserved an appearance of indifference which quite deceived him.

"And now," she said, looking up, "that you have explained your views with regard to me, I suppose our interview is at an end. I will reflect on what you have said, and let you know my determination. The law is of course not to be resisted."

"Too cool, sweet lady," said Sir Frederick, with a disagreeable laugh, "too cool and unconcerned by half. You are planning some pretty trick to cheat me, or you would not talk so composedly of being my wife."

"You forget," replied Guendolen, "that I have still three weeks to consider of the subject. Even a sentence of death would not seem so very awful with that interval before it; and a thousand things may happen between this and then—we may one or both of us be dead."

"Or you may have made your escape," he said, interrupting her. "But does it not strike you, Guendolen, that I must be a fool, to give you this long warning?"

"Why so?" she asked. "You have the law on your side, and that is all-powerful."

"And do you not wish to know," he said, taking a seat beside her, "why I choose this occasion to make this explanation to you?"

"The fact alone concerns me," she replied; "the motive is of no consequence."

"I will explain the motive, nevertheless," said he. "I have watched you narrowly to-night, Guendolen, and I am convinced of what I before suspected—you love Captain Greville."

"Heaven forbid!" said Guendolen, assuming a look of resentment. "What!—when I know that he is engaged to your daughter? For what do you take me, Sir Frederick?"

"Your love for him and his for you was prior to his engagement to my daughter," said Sir Frederick. "He saw you in Cumberland, and was for weeks the inmate of your house."

"I can finish the tale, if you like," said Guendolen, looking full into his face. "Captain Greville told you all this as you were leaving the opera-house. You immediately left town on pretence of visiting your estate in Northamptonshire; went to Cumberland; found my lonely cottage, from Greville's description; broke into it, with your face covered with rapture, like a midnight burglar; frightened the servant into silence; and sought me in every part, with the intention of murdering me."

"Hush!—hush!" he exclaimed. "How can you imagine anything so horrible? How could you suspect that I would kill you? I, who love you so fondly?"

"That love, as you call it, was not awakened until after the fatal day,

when, for your poor wife's sake, I chose to become the inmate of this house," said Guendolen.

"You cannot dream that I would seek your life, Guendolen," said the baronet.

"It was not the first time," she replied. "When my father died from poison—which Heaven forgive me if I wrong you in suspecting to have been administered by your orders—it was by mere accident that I escaped. And who but you could have an interest in my death?"

"You do not, you cannot suspect me," interrupted Sir Frederick.

"No!" replied Guendolen. "It is far beyond suspicion—it is absolute moral certainty."

"Nay, my love, dismiss such dreadful ideas from your mind," said the baronet, "I could not desire your death."

"You could," said Guendolen; "and you did, while you thought that, living, I might at any moment cause you to be called upon to disgorge your wife's dowry, which you were then rapidly squandering."

"Guendolen, you would make me out to be a monster."

"Nay, I only show you the truth," said Guendolen; "and if the portrait is too faithful, and too hideous in its faithfulness, the fault lies in the original, and not in the copy."

"I will be revenged for all this," said Sir Frederick, through his closed teeth, "though I hardly know whether I love or hate you most. Do you not yet ask me why I have come here to-night?"

"I am never inquisitive about what does not concern me," she replied, coolly.

"It does concern you," said he, possessing himself of her hand, which she struggled in vain to withdraw from his grasp, "you look so transcendently lovely to-night that I am come to tell you again that you are my wife, and that I claim from you the rights of a husband."

"You will not dare!" she exclaimed, starting up and turning pale.

"There is no daring about it, love," he said, passing one arm round her waist in spite of all the resistance she could make, "and if there were I would dare and do anything to possess you. See, here is my authority," he cried, drawing forth the register and holding it before her tantalised eyes. "There, look at it, look at it. Your own signature! You cannot deny that. It is my authority for suit for the restitution of conjugal rights, which I now proceed to institute."

He smothered her with kisses, still holding the paper in his right hand.

In the struggle they had approached close to the window behind the curtains of which Leicester Wilburn was concealed, his blood boiling with rage, longing to rush to her assistance, but still remembering her injunction to remain concealed whatever might happen.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

As the paper danced temptingly before the opening of the curtain, Leicester Wilburn could no longer resist the temptation, but putting forth his hand took it gently from that of the baronet, and thrust it into his breast, prepared to defend it, if necessary, to the last extremity; but Sir Frederick, not suspecting the proximity of a third person, either supposed that he had dropped the paper, or in his excitement was not aware that it was no longer in his hand. Guendolen at the same moment, by a violent effort, reached the bell, and rang it violently. Immediately the voices of the servants were heard at the ante-room door. Guendolen shrieked "Help!" and "Murder!" Sir Frederick, casting a fiendish glance upon her as he heard the door of the ante-room burst open, and a violent attack commenced upon that of the boudoir, beat a hasty retreat by the back way through the passage that led to the stables, and had hardly closed the door behind him when three or four servants rushed in from the ante-room. At the sight of the disarranged furniture, and the figure of Guendolen, with her hair dishevelled, her dress disordered, her eyes flashing wildly, her chest heaving rapidly, and her frame trembling with terror and excitement, the same idea seemed to seize upon all—that a robber had concealed himself in her room, and had attempted to possess himself of the valuable ornaments she wore. The proofs of a desperate struggle, the table cleared of its valuable ornaments, by the dragging off of the cover which she had clutched at, and one of her bracelets, which lay in glittering fragments on the floor, confirmed them in their first impression. She herself was lying half supported upon a chair, just as Sir Frederick had flung her down, and too much agitated to speak. Her maid, who had entered among the rest, ran to her assistance, and two policemen, who by this time had made their appearance, were anxious in their inquiries whether she was hurt.

"No, no," she replied, "not hurt, only frightened."

They then began to search the room assisted by the men servants; but when they approached the place where Leicester Wilburn was concealed, Guendolen's presence of mind speedily returned.

"Not there, not there," she said, starting towards the window. "He went that way," and she pointed towards her bedroom.

In a moment, the whole pack were in full cry upon the scent. The unfastened doors were evidence that some one had been that way out, and when they reached the stable, a sleepy lad roused himself up sufficiently to say that somebody had passed out a minute before, he could not tell who, but it looked very much like Sir Frederick. The policemen eagerly rushed out, but there was not a soul in the mews to give them any information, and by the time they reached the street Sir Frederick had quietly passed in at the front door by means of his latch-key, and finding the hall deserted by all the servants, who had been attracted to the other end of the house by the hubbub at Guendolen's door, he reached his dressing-room unseen, where he smoothed his disordered hair, washed the drops of passion from his brow, and went coolly to investigate the cause of the disturbance.

Guendolen, meanwhile, was in the greatest fear that Leicester Wilburn should be discovered. She placed herself in a chair before the curtain in such a way that no one could look behind it without disturbing her. She was



anxious to have the rooms cleared and the doors fastened, but the police were still busy with their examinations, and she could not get rid of them immediately.

"What sort of looking man was he, ma'am?" said one of the policemen.

"Yes, what sort of looking man was he?" said another voice, at the sound of which all the servants fell back, disclosing to her astonished eyes the figure of Sir Frederick, who had just entered through the ante-room.

Guendolen's heart bounded with rage as she beheld him; and for a moment the idea of denouncing him crossed her brain; but having no desire to publish private affairs, she restrained herself, and took the best revenge she could.

"He was tall," she said, keeping her eye upon the baronet, "rather slender, dressed in black, with black hair, moustachios, and a swarthy complexion, aquiline nose, bushy eyebrows, good teeth, and rather a thin face."

Sir Frederick winced as she gave his portrait so accurately, but the police had no idea of looking so near for the original.

"There was some stranger who came here not an hour ago," said the baronet, turning to the servants, "who amongst you saw him? He was doubtless an accomplice."

Several voices replied, volunteering a description of Leicester Wilburn, and the police looked round eager for information, but they were quickly silenced by Guendolen.

"This is perfectly absurd!" she exclaimed, "the gentleman who called this evening is well known to me."

"You had better take his description, nevertheless," said Sir Frederick, with a significant look towards the police; "the attempt at robbery so soon after he had been admitted to my cousin's rooms, and had an opportunity of opening all those doors to the stables, is, at the very least, suspicious."

"If you please, ma'am," said the policeman, deferentially, "it is my duty to take his description."

"Do as you please," she said, "it can do him no harm. My only objection is to placing the portrait of an honourable man in company with that of a worthless scoundrel."

"If you will be pleased to give the name and address of the party, ma'am, that will be quite sufficient."

"I will drag into this disgraceful question no name which I respect so highly," said Guendolen, resolved to defeat Sir Frederick's jealous curiosity, which was on the alert when he heard the policeman's suggestion.

"The burglar's object was no doubt to steal your jewels," said the policeman, after he had taken down the depositions of the servants; "can you tell me anything that passed, ma'am?"

"His object certainly was robbery," she replied. "I am too much agitated at the present moment to say more, except that in the struggle I succeeded in ringing the bell. I will answer any further questions to-morrow; but at present I must beg to be left to recover myself. Good night, Sir Frederick," she added in a pointed manner, which in the presence of the police and servant he could not but obey. "Wait in the ante-room, Jeannette, until I call you."

As soon as the room was cleared, she drew the bolt to secure herself from intrusion, and summoned Leicester from his hiding-place.

"You are in possession of my secret," she said, sinking wearily into a chair, and motioning him to take another; "chance has confided it to you, but I feel certain you will guard it honourably."

"I am in possession of something more," said Leicester, who appeared even more agitated than herself at the scene that had passed.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Guendolen, starting up and casting on him a mistrustful look.

"Do not condemn the whole human race for the crimes of one man," said Leicester, divining the cause of her alarm. "This," he said, "producing the paper which he had snatched from Sir Frederick, 'this is what I have obtained possession of; that ruffian held it close beside the curtain, and though at the risk of incurring your displeasure, if he saw me, I snatched it from his hand. Fortunately he did not miss it. It was hard for me to keep quiet, and see you struggling with the villain; but I thought that the fact of my being concealed in your room might prove injurious to you, and therefore I waited till you should call on me for help."

"You acted as my best friend," she said, giving him a grateful look, "the possession of this paper is worth everything. I am once again free from that hateful man."

"Will you not destroy it," said he; "that would set you free for ever."

"I should like him to see it destroyed," she replied, "otherwise he might not be convinced that it was no longer in existence."

As if in answer to her wish Sir Frederick's voice was now heard in altercation with the maid, who objected to his entering her mistress's apartment.

"Hide yourself," she exclaimed, "he has come to look for it, and for one moment he shall see it."

"Be careful what you do," said Leicester, anxiously, "your strength is no match for his; he will overpower you and have it back again."

"Do not be afraid," she replied; "I will manage better than that."

She opened the door, and Sir Frederick hastily entered.

"I have lost something," he said, "and I dropped it in this room, I know."

"Come in, Jeannette," said Guendolen to the maid, "come in, and help Sir Frederick in his search."

"What is it, sir?" asked the girl. "Is it a ring?"

"No, no," said the baronet, "a paper."

"Here are some papers," said Jeannette, "that we picked up off the floor after the robber had thrown them all about."

These papers lay on a table at some distance from the fire-place beside which Guendolen was standing. He instantly began his search amongst them, when Guendolen, taking the fatal document from her bosom with a trembling hand, dreading that even at the last moment he might start forward and seize it, placed it on the glowing embers.

"Look here, Sir Frederick!" she cried, when it was half consumed.

He sprang forward, but before he could snatch it from the fire, the last morsel was destroyed, though it still retained its form, and a few words continued legible.

"Look close," she continued, with a tone of triumph. "You can still decipher enough to know what it is. There, do you see where those names are written? All that is past now. You have found what you want. Sir Frederick Elphinstone, leave my apartment."

Grinding his teeth and stamping with rage which he did not dare exhibit before Jeannette, he rushed out of the room.

"You may go, Jeannette," said Guendolen. "It is late, and you are tired. Is the company gone?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the maid; "they all went soon after there was the alarm about the robber."

"Very well," said her mistress. "Now go to bed. I shall not require your further attendance to-night."

"Oh, ma'am! shall you not be afraid to sleep in this lonely part of the house by yourself?"

"I am not afraid," she replied. "No thieves would venture on a second attack during the same night."

The girl reluctantly withdrew. Guendolen again bolted the door, and summoned Leicester from his concealment.

"You must go, my kind friend," she said, shaking him warmly by the hand, "I will show you out by a back way. I am too agitated to talk more to-night, but I will see you to-morrow."

"I shall not rest till I know that you are no longer within reach of that bad man," said Leicester, looking on her with grave affection, and still holding the hand that she had given him. "Pardon the apparent rudeness of the question, and think, if you can, that you have a brother beside you—you will leave this house, will you not?"

"Certainly I shall," replied Guendolen, "and that early to-morrow."

"Yet to-night you remain here, exposed to fresh attempts!" said Leicester. "Oh! that I dared ask to stay and protect you!"

"And if I needed protection I would ask you to stay, or to take me to a friend's house, or give me an asylum for the night in your own home—so entirely do I trust you. As entirely," she added, warmly, "as I distrust Sir Frederick. But I shall be safe for this night, and to-morrow I go. Now follow me."

She then led the way through the passage towards the stables.

It was strange to see a splendidly-dressed woman in evening costume descending the ladder into the stable, but Guendolen stepped along with the manner of one who was accustomed to it. The horse through whose stall they passed uttered a loud neigh, for he was Guendolen's favourite, and recognised his mistress more by her step than by the faint light that penetrated a window from a gaslight outside. Leicester drew back the bolts and raised the latch; a flash of light at the further end of the mews showed him that a policeman was inspecting the fastenings of the more distant stables. A whispered "good-night," and he started away into the street. Guendolen listened for a moment; there was no sound to be heard but the tramp of the returning guardian of the night. She softly shot the bolts and hastened back.

The knowledge that she was free from Sir Frederick was delightful to Guendolen; but the hope that had once accompanied the aspiration for freedom was gone for ever. Like the prisoner who only leaves his prison to die, her freedom came too late; it is true she had now nothing to fear, but she also had nothing to hope. In a fortnight Harry Greville was to be married to Sylvia. Sir Frederick had consented to these hasty nuptials that he might the sooner be able to carry off his own prize, and though his object was now frustrated, she was aware that he was anxious to secure this marriage for his daughter, for whom he would not be likely to find again so favourable a match.

The fire went out while Guendolen sat lost in a maze of sad thought and bitter recollection; the lamp was extinguished and the early rays of morning began to struggle through the curtains before her mind was recalled from the past to the present. She looked round like one who is suddenly aroused from sleep, then glanced at her jewelled arms and splendid dress, and started up shivering with cold. She drew back the curtains in her dressing-room and admitted the sunbeams, that fell full upon her gorgeously attired figure. She surveyed herself from head to foot, and a sad reverie again fell upon her as she noticed her pale face, heavy eyes, dishevelled hair, and disordered dress. The mournful figure before her was a fitting symbol of her wasted life and dreary future. She turned from the mirror in disgust, snatched off the jewels and threw them in a heap upon the table, quickly disrobed herself and went to bed, where in a short time she forgot the agitating events of the past day.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

The next day Guendolen had the satisfaction of seeing Frank sent off to a village on the sea-coast, where, under the charge of a clergyman of high character, he was to pursue his studies, and regain his strength. She then, having directed Jeannette to pack up her trunks with all speed, betook herself to Frank's old schoolroom, where she understood that Mr. Lorimer was now sufficiently recovered to sit during the day. Miss Lorimer was as usual with her brother, and both looked astonished at Guendolen's appearance.

"I have a few words to say to you, Mr. Lorimer," she began in a concise and business-like way, "which will be best said in private, if your sister will have the kindness to withdraw."

Miss Lorimer cast down her eyes, and retreated into her brother's bedroom, leaving the door slightly ajar. Guendolen said nothing, but shut it quietly, and walked back to the priest, whose pale face turned yet paler under her severe gaze.

"Mr. Lorimer," she said, "I am about to leave this house; but, before I go, I must see you out of it."

"May I ask what authority you have, Mrs. Elphinstone, for using this language, and dismissing me from Sir Frederick's house?"

"Simply the authority given me by the power of enforcing my request," she replied. "Your health is a sufficient excuse for going at once, and taking with you your sister, whose care you of course require; and, as Frank is gone, your services are no longer needed here."

"Has Sir Frederick authorised this dismissal?" said he, while an angry flush overspread his pale forehead.

"Sir Frederick knows nothing of my coming here," she answered. "If he did, if I were to detail to him the motives on which I act, it is not a quiet recommendation to absent yourself that you would receive, but you would be scourged out like the ungrateful cur which you have proved yourself."

"Mrs. Elphinstone! a cur?" he exclaimed, starting up.

"Call yourself by whatever name you choose," she said; "but answer me this—how came you by that blow? Lady Elphinstone, yourself, and one person beside, could tell the truth about it, and if Sir Frederick knew that truth—"

"Say no more,—say no more. It is enough; I understand you perfectly," he said, hurriedly. "I see the necessity for leaving, I quite agree with you, and your wishes shall be obeyed."

"I give you two hours to prepare," said Guendolen. "If you are not gone by that time, Sir Frederick shall know all."

"No, I defy your malice, proud woman," said Mr. Lorimer, suddenly recollecting the secret of which he had become possessed while executing Sir Frederick's mission to Mrs. Martin. "Sir Frederick will not dare to send me from his house, I know too much of his family affairs."

"The utmost that you can know," she said, "is that there once existed a document proving a certain marriage. That document was destroyed last night, and your bare assertion on the faith of an old woman's gossip can afford no proof of its existence. If it could, Sir Frederick would be only too glad to obtain it; but he is a jealous and vindictive man, and though, for his own pleasure, he would have annulled his present marriage, he would be not one whit the less implacable in his vengeance on the would-be seducer of his wife. Remember the time appointed. Let the house be clear of you in two hours, or Sir Frederick is informed of the full extent of your misconduct, as he shall be also if you ever attempt to return, or to renew your intimacy with any member of this family."

"Have you no regard for Lady Elphinstone?" said Mr. Lorimer. "Would you expose her to disgrace?"

"On the contrary, I would save her from it," she replied; "I would save her from disgrace and crime, and, therefore, I bid you, her *father confessor*, to quit the house. All further conversation is useless; I have told you my resolution. It is not to be shaken."

She left him as abruptly as she had entered, and went to bid farewell to Lady Elphinstone and Sylvia. After seeking them for some time she found them deep in consultation with the milliner respecting Sylvia's wedding dress. Her heart sickened at the sight, but she was not one to show her feelings on every occasion, and her sufferings passed unsuspected.

"I have come to say good bye," she said, holding out her hand to Lady Elphinstone, "and to thank you for your kind hospitality during these many months."

"Going!" repeated Lady Elphinstone; "Nay, surely you will wait for the wedding!"

"Oh! Cousin Guendolen!" exclaimed Sylvia, "I thought you would be one of my bridesmaids."

"I cannot be your bridesmaid, dear, though I will come to see you on your wedding-day, if possible; but I am called suddenly away now, and have no time to lose. Mr. Lorimer is about to leave the house," she whispered, drawing Lady Elphinstone aside.

"Going away!" repeated the poor little lady, looking as pale as death.

"Yes," replied Guendolen, "it will be a grief to you no doubt to lose your father confessor, and such a good trustworthy guide for a weak nature like yours as he has proved himself to be. He is going, never to return; and I am desired to say from a person who may be trusted not to speak unless compelled to do so, that the penalty of his presenting himself in your presence again will be a full relation to Sir Frederick of the occasion on which he received that blow on the head. You need not be alarmed; the person is discreet, and will not injure you; but be cautious in your conduct for the future. Good-bye, Sylvia," she continued, in her usual tone. "I shall see you again on your wedding day."

She hastily withdrew, and spent the two hours which she had promised to allow Mr. Lorimer for his preparations in pacing up and down her half dismantled rooms, and making some few final arrangements. She dismissed her carriage, which was a hired one, and directed Jacob to take her two saddle-horses, and place them at livery, where he was to watch over them as the apples of his eyes until he received further orders from her. Jeannette and her page she dismissed with handsome gratuities and recommendations to Sylvia, who was glad to engage them.

Before the two hours had elapsed the Lorimers, who were never at a loss to frame an excuse for anything they had a mind to do, had left the house. Miss Lorimer wept and made a scene at parting; but her brother wisely avoided personal adieu, sending messages by his sister, and pleading in excuse for his sudden departure a violent attack of sickness which compelled him to go without delay into a different air.

Fearing that Lady Elphinstone might be indiscreet enough to seek a farewell interview with Mr. Lorimer, Guendolen placed herself in the recess of a window which she must pass if such were her intention. In a few minutes the rustle of a silk dress caught her ear; she turned round and confronted the foolish lady, who was almost running in the direction of the study. Guendolen looked at her in silence.

"I am going," stammered Lady Elphinstone, "I am going to fetch some of Frank's books that were forgotten. They must be sent after him."

"Surely, my dear friend, you are not bound to account to me for your actions," said Guendolen. "But allow me to suggest," and she drew Lady

Elphinstone's arm within her own, "that it would be better to send one of the servants for the books; they are probably dusty, and would soil your hands."

"I would rather fetch them myself," said Lady Elphinstone; "it will give me an opportunity of saying good-bye to poor Mr. Lorimer without appearing to go for the purpose."

"Have a little more self-respect, for Heaven's sake," exclaimed Guendolen, losing all patience. "If he has the decency to avoid a farewell interview, in the name of common sense follow his example."

Lady Elphinstone suffered her judicious friend to lead her away without further resistance; and Guendolen remained with her until the cab drove off with the worthy brother and sister. She then hastened her own departure, which she was desirous of accomplishing before Sir Frederick's return from his morning lounge at the clubs. As the footman closed the door of the cab, which, to Lady Elphinstone's horror, she preferred to use instead of one of the carriages, she desired him to direct the driver to go to the Great Western Railway Station; but when she had got out of sight she changed her course, and drove to Mrs. Mayfield's.

"I come once more to you a lonely wanderer," she exclaimed, throwing herself upon the broad bosom of her kind nurse; "I have gained what I wanted, and lost all that I cared for, and now I am once again lonely and desolate."

"Heaven bless you, my dear child! Don't talk so," said Mrs. Mayfield. "How can a beautiful young creature like you, with plenty of money, be lonely and desolate? Come, tell me what it is that has grieved you; tell me all about it."

"I can't tell you, nurse," she replied, "it is something that cannot be helped nor altered; something that must be borne till time cures it, because hearts now-a-days are too tough to break. It is something that no sympathy could relieve, or I would tell you in a minute, for I know I should have plenty of sympathy from you; but I must bear it, I must bear it." And she drew herself up, heaved a deep convulsive sigh, and wiped the tears from her eyes. "I am come to stay with you for a week or two," she added in a livelier tone, "and then I shall go back to my own dear hills, and live there all the rest of my life."

"And if you do I shall go too, and take care of you," said Mrs. Mayfield, resolutely. "I am sick of London; and I hate letting lodgings, and my last lodger," she said, giving Guendolen a hearty kiss, "has spoiled me for everybody else; so I'll sell off, or let my house, and settle down to be your house-keeper and servant. You know I always loved the country; and I have laid by enough to keep me from being a burden to anybody when I am old and past service."

"That will be very nice," said Guendolen, smiling faintly; "and though I can never be happy again, my life will be peaceful and undisturbed by care, and I shall miss happiness the less because I have never been used to it, and never knew what it was except for a few weeks."

"Bless the child, how she talks!" half-soliloquised Mrs. Mayfield. "One would think she was a middle-aged woman, who had passed through all the sorrows of life. However, I suppose everybody thinks their own burden is the hardest to bear; but it does seem strange to me that you, so handsome and rich as you are, should be disappointed in love."

"Disappointed in love!" repeated Guendolen. "Why, Susan, what do you mean? I did not say anything about being disappointed in love."

"No, my lamb; I know you didn't," said the old lady; "but when a young woman is in grief about something, and won't tell what that is, it is easy to be understood that it is a disappointment in love. Young folks don't break their hearts about the loss of money. Besides, if that was all your trouble, you would tell me quick enough. You have lost no friend by death; for of course you don't grieve over your old aunt that was always such a tyrant to you, and the dear boy that you loved so well has recovered, thanks to your care. Besides, as I said before, it is plain to see that you have been thwarted in love. Bad luck to the man who was so wanting in taste and sense as not to prefer you before the whole world!"

"Susan," said Guendolen, with dignity, "you must not talk in this way I cannot allow it."

"Now, my darling, don't ye be angry with me!" cried the good woman, her eyes filling with tears. "Now do ye forgive me if I have said anything to offend you."

Guendolen kissed her in token of forgiveness, and then saying that she had some arrangements to make with her luggage before dinner, she went upstairs into her dressing-room.

When Mrs. Mayfield went to summon her to dinner, she found that these arrangements consisted in carefully examining and arranging her jewel-case. A few rings and an odd bracelet or two she had laid aside, as if for ordinary use; but the magnificent suites, one of pearls, the other of diamonds and rubies, with necklaces, tiaras, and every imaginable form of ornament, she had arranged in their respective trays, ready to place in their casket.

"That is right, my dear," said Mrs. Mayfield. "You'll never want them beautiful things in a lone country place, and it would be dangerous to have them with you. You'll send them to Mr. Fowler, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Guendolen, "I shall place them in safety before I go."

She smiled sadly as she took a last look at the beautiful jewels, and consigned them to their resting-places. Then she resolutely locked them up, shook off the painful emotion, and descended to dinner. But it was in vain that Mrs. Mayfield had exerted her best skill in cooking the tempting little dishes of which the meal was composed. Guendolen could scarcely eat a mouthful; she seemed almost heart-broken, and yet, to Mrs. Mayfield's surprise she went in the evening to the opera.

Guendolen's sole object in going to the opera was to look at Captain Greville. He was there, handsome, agreeable, and fascinating as ever; and Sylvia, the very impersonation of happiness, bloomed like a rose in the sunshine of his smiles. Sir Frederick did not make his appearance, and Lady

Elphinstone looked more unhappy than ever. Guendolen's eyes were not once turned towards the stage; and as soon as Lady Elphinstone and Sylvia withdrew, escorted by the lover of the latter, poor Guendolen wrapped her dark mantle round her and glided out of the house, alone and desolate. Feeling the necessity for bodily exertion to weary her out and make her sleep, she determined to return on foot. Though her face was hidden by a thick veil, her elegant figure and graceful walk attracted the admiration of a passer-by, who familiarly accosted her. She shrank back, and the stranger attempted to take her hand, but was in a moment hurled from off the pavement by a well-planted blow in the chest, inflicted by a vigorous arm, the owner of which seemed to be following close upon her footsteps.

"Dare to molest this lady again and I will give you in charge to the police," said a rough but well-remembered voice at the same moment. "Take my arm, Mrs. Elphinstone," he added, in a whisper. "Let me see you safe before that fellow recovers himself."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Wilburn," she replied, quickening her steps almost to a run. "By what fortunate accident was it that you were so near?"

"By no accident at all," he replied. "Not hearing from you all day, as you promised that I should, I became very uneasy respecting you."

"Oh, pardon me—I quite forgot my promise!" she exclaimed, in accents of contrition. "You would forgive me," she continued, with a faltering voice, "if you know how much I have to make me unhappy. And though I have just been to a place of amusement, you must not suppose it was pleasure that I sought there. I went to see from a distance a friend from whom I am estranged, and—"

"Say no more about it, dear lady," interrupted Leicester. "If you had even gone to soothe your grief by listening to music, what need is there to account to me for it?"

"I owe it to myself to account for a broken promise and seeming heartlessness," replied Guendolen.

"And I owe it to myself to account for my having lain in wait for you," said he, anxious to divert her from the subject of her thoughts, which he easily guessed at from what he had heard Sir Frederick say respecting Captain Greville. "Hearing nothing of you, as I said before, I went to the square, and was just in time to see a carriage drive off. Thinking you might be in it I came here, and loitered about in the hope of catching a glimpse of you. When the carriage went off without you I was very much alarmed; but the next moment you passed me on foot, and so, as in duty bound, I followed. Which way do you go? Not back to Sir Frederick Elphinstone's house, I hope?"

"Trust me," replied Guendolen, "I have changed my abode."

"I am delighted to hear it," said Leicester. "You must have had the courage of a lioness ever to have ventured beneath the roof of that wicked and unscrupulous man."

"I was very much deceived," she said; "for when I first went there I had good reason to believe that he hated me more than any person in the world." "Your courage was shown in that," said Leicester, "as he had attempted your life."

"On the contrary," said Guendolen. "My life was safer from him there than anywhere else, for he would not venture to kill me in his own house; it would bring down too rigid an inquiry upon him, and, besides, he knew that I had left some proofs of his former attacks in the hands of my lawyer, who would use them without scruple in case of my death. It is an odd story from beginning to end, and I would relate it to you if I had time and thought it would be of sufficient interest. But here we are at the door of my lodgings. Come in, and sup with me. The mistress of the house was formerly my nurse, so there will be no slander created by your accepting my invitation."

This was too much for Wilburn to resist, but when they were seated at the supper table, he regretted having come in. Guendolen forced herself to talk, though labouring under such prostration of mind that he felt he was an intruder, and longed to make his escape if he could do so without remarking upon her sorrow in a way that might be unpleasant to her. He availed himself of the first opportunity that offered to rid her of his presence, but he continued to wander about the street and watch the dim light in her windows till dawn began to break.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTIFUL MOON.

Beautiful moon! shining so bright,  
Shedding your pale beams around us at  
night,  
Cheering the sailor whilst on the sea,  
Watching your rays playing on the calm  
sea,  
Peeping through casements from your  
bright throne above,  
Beaming on maidens dreaming of love;  
Oft midst the scenes of revelry here,  
Young loving eyes your pale beams revere.  
Beautiful moon! shining so bright,  
Shedding your soft rays around us at night,  
Luring young lovers far from their home,  
Whispering their love themes as onward  
they roam.

Soft shining moon! silvery light,  
Paling the stars with your lustre so bright,  
Waking the songsters 'midst leafy shades,  
Filling with melody dark forest glades;  
The streamlet is gliding so calmly along,  
Cheering the heart with its murmuring  
song,  
The landscape, like fairyland, looking so  
gay,  
In fancy we wander, and think 'tis the  
day.  
Beautiful moon! shining so bright,  
Shedding your soft rays around us at night,  
Luring young lovers far from their home,  
Whispering soft love themes as onward  
they roam.

E. V. D.

THE PARTINGTON PAPERS.

We are sadly afraid that our readers having seen Mrs. Partington, as she terms it, "safely lanced in the oshun of bashful marriage," must be content to leave her so. She herself, over-persuaded, we have been given to understand, by her excellent relative Mr. Ike, objects to any further "exposition of her members; there are some things which should be artfully revealed from the sinicure of Paul-Prying eyes, and p'raps the sweet symphony of 2 benighted 'arts, in their fist perdition of the suites of wedded life, are the most sacred in the unifurst."

"I can have no conjunction," continues this gifted woman, "still to scatter my sublime contusions and my scent o' mental sentences like unstung purl upon your pages; but I cannot foller step by step all the prevarications of fortune which, from time to time, befell me and my faithful swan the Corporeal. But above and beyond and moreover a relation of mine ses, ses he, that to right about love is ondicate, an' how am I to right about maredge if I do not right of love? Oh, my young friends, you will after you are fallen into the years of iniquity (the good lady means antiquity) quite agree with the provender and ancient *um mov*, which says there is nothing like love in the whole 'varsal world. Love gilds the pill of life; a pill which is as bitter as the nasty doctors' stuff generally is to most of us. Do you think we women would go through 'alf the triles and purboils that we do if it were not for the desolation of love. From the time when we are bits of things at a punishing Haycademme and considerate the active verb *J'aim*, I love, *Too aims*, thou lovest, et settler, et settler, to that blessed time when we expects to become the mothers of a blissful prodigy ourselves, and stick a lot of pins on a pincushion, with the cosmopolite motter of "Welcome, little stranger" we haul think upon love.

"As for Ike, for it is Isaac to whom I relude, (he was named after Walton's Angular, for the Corporeal was very fond of piscational exercises, and used to troll in a fish and troll out a song at the same time)—as for Ike conjecturing about women righting about love, why it's all fudge it is, and that's the Hebrew of it. I never read one of the Romanse of Reel Life, which are so poplar now, in which there was not a deal about matches, the tinder passion and the fire of affliction. The authors of the weaker six are very strong in that way; but the men are no better: there is half-a-dozing to wun and six to the other. They all like it. There was the two Miss Littlechaps (the dorters of Deacon Littlechep of Salem town), they came spick and spry in their go-to-meetin' clothes the other day to see me, and arter they had matriculated a pumpkin pie and a huge quantity o' tarts as they sot in a corner like two little red daisies on one plant, bless me if they didn't begin to tork about Love. And they spoke quite sensible like, an' sed somethin' about a cumfble home and a settlemint. But princeapolly they torked about I's, blue, and black, and brown, and air too, and wen they had predisposed o' that subjick, they began to tork about dresses, and clothes, and ribbin, and crinolean; but they soon returned to Love! And mi! warn't it fun for an old un like me to hear it.

"People may say what they likes, Mr. Hedditur, but men and women were made to look for'ard to love, specially women; and supposing that the matter is naturally combusted no 'arm can come of it. It's them poor creturs as durstn't marry that phears luv, but I don't. However, as afore sed, as my nearest and deerest think as I shouldn't give to the world and to the great European and Amerikin prosperity my ideas on the subjick, the best way will be for me to conform to their prejudgements, and to put a periodical end to my memories, so if you will return my M.E.SS; I will promise as before to give you my noceans on things in general, and still contribute my pair o' grafts to your widely calculated journal."

Upon consulting (in consequence of this letter) with Mrs. Partington, we found that her ideas were quite, as she said, "fixatures" on the matter; and therefore—at least for the present—we must take leave of the memoirs of this excellent old lady, hoping again to meet her, and at no very distant period, in the fields of literature.

THE LATE LADY MORGAN'S MARRIAGE DAY—A LOVE STORY.—"When she was very young, a Mr. Crossley, who was younger still, became so attached to her as to offer marriage. She told him she would have accepted him at once but that neither of them could boast of possessing a single shilling, and the result was a prospective engagement, to be realised only so soon as means were apparent for their future subsistence. To devise this, she suggested as a career that an application should be made to the Marquis of Hertford for a cadetship in the Indian army; and, as Crossley's family had some local claims their request was successful, and he was speedily appointed to a regiment in the Presidency of Madras. The correspondence continued for some years; though so interruptedly that a considerable suspension took place, during which the lady's position and prospects had been uniformly rising, and her marriage was at length solemnised with Sir Charles Morgan, the ceremony having taken place at Baron's Court, the seat of Lord Abercorn, in the county Tyrone. On the morning of the wedding the post arrived before the procession to the church, and the sister of the bride took charge of her letters for Miss Owenson. These she opened on her return to the house; and amongst them was one from Crossley, accounting for his long silence by the anxieties of a period of uncertainty which had now ended by his receiving some promotion in the army, and a staff appointment in the service of the Nizam. This was the long-looked-for point in his career, and having at last attained independence he wrote to claim the performance of their early engagement, and propose an immediate union. The old lady told me this little novel—her animation heightened at once by the romance and the reality of the story—and its recollection is enhanced to me by this having been one of the liveliest, as it was the last, interview I ever had with Lady Morgan."—*Fitzpatrick's Life of Lady Morgan*.

A SENSIBLE REPLY.—A blind man having walked the streets with a lighted lantern, an acquaintance met him, and exclaimed in some surprise, "Why, what is the use of that light to you? You know every street and turning—it does you no good. You can't see a bit the better."—"No," replied the blind man, "I don't carry the light to make me see, but to prevent fools from running against me."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**THE LADIES' WEST-END BAZAAR.**—A Mr. Edward W. James has written to us, forwarding a printed statement under the title of "The First Half-yearly Report" of this concern, and demanding its insertion in answer to our remarks upon it in No. 891. We feel bound to say that according to this statement £39 appears to have been disbursed, whilst only £42 11s. 6d. has been received; so that the promoters have retired with a loss of £96. 9s. 1d. The expenses include upwards of £56 for printing, stationery, and advertisements, and one or two items which we should have thought unnecessary for so charitable a concern. Mr. James refers us to the solicitors who "wound the bazaar" (*sic*), Messrs. King of Lincoln's Inn; and we regret to say that we do not find such a firm existing amongst London attorneys, at least in the present edition of the Law List, although several highly respectable gentlemen of that name are connected with other legal firms in various parts of London. Failing in our attempt to meet "Messrs. King," we sought (and we hereby beg to inform him of the fact) Mr. James himself, at the address whence he had dated, 14, or 12, Lamb's Conduit Street; but here again we were equally unsuccessful. We have no other method of communicating with him but through our pages, and we willingly insert his statement, especially as he appears to have been very curiously unfortunate. Thus, fixtures which were nearly new, sold for £7. 13s.; they had cost, according to the statement, £74. 14s. 10d. The whole per centage on the sale of goods amounted to the enormous sum of £2. 3s. 6d.; and the subscriptions in aid of this admirable charity—for such it should have proved—are returned at the magnificent amount of £4. 4s., and this too when many concerns with less worthy aims count their tens of thousands. But the ill luck which attended the bazaar appears never to have deserted it. Mr. James, who with a noble economy only uses a small portion of half a sheet of paper to write to us, asserts that the "enclosed report was sent round the press (*sic*), and advertised, and further, been forwarded to all the contributors, as well as their work deposited for sale been returned (carriage paid) through Messrs. King, of Lincoln's Inn." We use Mr. James's own words, which convey the meaning, if ungrammatical; but unfortunately these words do not exactly tally with our Correspondents' letters; and there must have been some gross error, (perhaps in the post-office, as we never received the report ourselves; nor, although it was dated early in March, have our Correspondents, who from all parts of the country write us their complaints on the 23rd of April, and the 8th, 11th, and 23rd of May, &c., &c., received their goods. There are here some discrepancies either on the part of Mr. James or of our Correspondents and of those householders in the neighbourhood of the bazaar (now and long since closed) who gave us much information; nor does our personal experience tend to reconcile them, save in one way. But having done our duty to our Correspondents, and also, in all fairness to the bazaar, we beg to leave those who have sent work to, or who are otherwise creditors of the concern, to apply to the solicitors, or to Mr. James, at the addresses given above; and we certainly hope that they will have greater success than we have had.

**ADA** seems to subscribe to the Byronian doctrine that—

*Man's love of man's life is a thing apart;  
'Tis woman's whole existence.*

Very true, probably; sounds prettily, and looks well on gilt-edged paper, but is it true in reality? We doubt it, and would place it among those broad assertions which it is not safe to accept as broadly contradicted. If we unreservedly accept it we must not believe that any man ever died of a broken heart through unrequited or betrayed love, when, as is well known, the contrary has too often been the case. The correct theory, it appears to us, would be, that as men and women cannot love like the angels but only as human beings, the expositions of the sentiment must vary with the character and temperament of the individuals. Refined men will do upon coarse-minded women, and ladies brimful of pathos and delicacy, and with a superior tone of mind, will give their hearts and fortunes to men whose less educated women would disdain to associate with, much less marry. How is this to be accounted for unless we accept the supposition that there is no fixed rule in the matter? Poets have a license, and there is no harm in accepting what they write at its occult value.

**EDITH L.**—Farmers belong to the middle classes of society. A gentleman farmer has long been quoted as the beau ideal of an Englishman. He is to the country what the shopkeeper is to the town. But breathing an unadulterated atmosphere he has very little of the appearance of the citizen in him. If he ranks below the lawyer and physician in elegance he is socially their equal, and in some respects their superior, for his range of information is wide and varied, so that you may safely accept the addresses of a farmer so far as his position is concerned. If, as the "Yankess" says, his "surroundings" are all right, he would be a better match than a village lawyer or doctor, either of whom may have to wriggle through a life of poverty for half a century.

**T. A. J.**—The uncultivated mind must be reached by means of allegory, and such passages are the symbolical language of the East. An abstract idea takes no hold upon such minds, and hence the teaching of them is best accomplished by parables and startling allegories. The sentence simply expresses the necessity of not allowing any lesser duty, however paramount it may appear to us, to interfere with the working out of the salvation of our own souls. That is the first duty, to which all others should give place.

**MARRIAGE WITH COUSINS.**—The paragraph on this subject in No. 891 has excited much interest in our readers, and has called forth various letters, the majority of the writers asking advice, and one or two advertising in an angry spirit to the conclusions to be drawn from it. Our readers will remember that statistics are very hard facts, and that our quotation from an American scientific journal is *bona fide*. We cannot say and unsay; and, seriously speaking, although the statistics quoted by us may rule high, yet there can be no doubt but that near relatives should not marry. Coleridge has left it upon record that the greatest curse which can torment the conscience of any man is the reflection that by accident or inadvertence he has perpetuated disease or deformity upon his harmless children. Now if the observations we ourselves have made and the statistics we have quoted be true, the Ohio Legislature is not only right in dealing with the matter, but all other governments should at once do so. That of 95 children born to cousins 4 should be idiots and 12 scrofulous, is a fact so deplorable, that the State should certainly interfere, just as it does when an unventilated and malarious place produces its annual crop of deaths by fever. Our own experience of the marriages of near relatives is not favourable to them. We also know of idiots and others of defective mental powers through such marriages. Love, like other passions, should be controlled, and can be very well. There is no more actual reason that boys should fall in love with their cousins than with their sisters, which latter would be thought monstrous. Yet formerly whole nations married their sisters, as Xanthus who preceded Herodotus tells us; and were only dured of doing so by the race dying out. Many dwarfs and other monstrosities, such for instance as the Aztecs, are said to have been the progeny of cousins. When our Correspondent (WILLIAM PIPP) quotes a certain Royal House, he places arms in the hands of his opponent. Does he not know that scrofula and other hereditary diseases haunt that Royal House? Does he not know that the Bourbons, who are cousin wedders, have retreating foreheads and ape-like heads?—that the Braganzas were half idiots, half melancholy despots? Does he not know that our best farmers, Coke of Leicester and others, produced the finest stock by crossing the blood? Too much fine race "blue blood," as the Spaniards say, never helps a race, and never will; the small forms, pallid complexions, and general decay amongst those admirable people, the Society of Friends, we have heard attributed by one of their own number to cousin-marrying, and continually wedding in Quaker families. We would not offend any one; but in such cases truth must be spoken; and the marriage of cousins we think injurious, that of double and treble cousins positively injurious, and direful in its consequences. The Church had good reason for her forbidden degrees of consanguinity, and it will be a sad day when those behests are repealed. In these things we may safely trust to the wisdom of our ancestors. A Correspondent who signs with the magic word LOVE may gather our opinion from the foregoing. If possible, do as we point out, although in his case the cousin-ship is simple; so also with IGNATIUS, who sends us an elaborate scheme of the degrees of blood relationship, and who has good reason for his belief that the continued fresh blood will nullify any injurious effects. Other Correspondents will see by the above that we cannot conscientiously abandon the conclusions which our paragraph forces upon every reflecting mind.

**GEORGE THOMAS, AND JOHN**—In the solution of the first arithmetical question of No. 883, given in No. 886, you forget that when the snail arrived at the top of the pole he was no longer liable to slip down at night; and whether he was or not, the time in which he arrived at the top is the time required. Thus, at the end of 23 days and as many nights, the snail has ascended 345 inches, leaving only 27 inches to the top of the pole. Now, as he ascends 31 inches every day before he begins to slide downwards, it is evident he has gained the top before the close of the 24th day. But as the Propounder of the question does not say how many hours of each day the snail keeps ascending before he begins to descend, we are at a loss to know how many hours of the 24th day are occupied in attaining the summit of the pole. In the solution which we published, 24 hours were allowed as the ascending day, giving 23 days, 20 hours, 54 minutes, 2 seconds, for the time required. But allowing 12 hours for the ascending day, the time is 23 days, 10 hours, 27 minutes, 1 second.

**MARY NURSE.**—Character depends upon conduct. The lines of the countenance are indexes to the conscience. But as every rule has an exception, we must not judge others too harshly. Suffering makes sad havoc with the "human face divine;" and we should in all such cases take to our "heart of hearts" the conviction that other people are as good as ourselves. Shakespeare has told us there are sermons in stones; and if any of us look for them we can readily find them.

**FLOS.**—An engaged young lady, though not quite as free as the perfumed summer breeze, should bear no constraint but that of maidenly liberty on her innocent brow. But we have noticed in our time that a particular, exacting, and jealous lover makes a very tame husband. The dignity of the lady takes the sting out of the gentleman's uncalled-for presumption.

**MINNIE C.**—You blew the light out, instead of nourishing the flame, and of course you are now just as much in the dark as before it had made its reappearance. Read our article on Modern Matrimonial Engagements in No. 738.

**B. B.**—It was not the Quakers' advice, they only adopted it; it was the practice of Rome under the Emperor Augustus, as the Roman satirist tells us—and what fruit did it bear?

**TWO SURBITON LASSIES.**—We sincerely trust the young men of Surbiton are not so bad as you describe them. Unfortunately, tobacco-smoking is one of the manias of the age; and how can we get rid of violent social anomalies but by a gentle course of moral corrective medicine? When ladies wield the wand of womanly discipline in earnest, then, and then only, will the "weed" be banished from respectable society. But we have heard many married ladies declare that if their husbands will smoke the cigar, in "the name of goodness" let them smoke it at home; and this, say we, is sensible generalship.

**CONSTANCE.**—The "wisdom's peak," a term given to a tuft of hair which grows in the centre of the forehead, is often a source of annoyance to young persons. Sometimes attempts are made to remove it by depilatories, and at others by the scissors. It is better, however, to allow it to grow, and, when long enough, to brush it on one side with the hair. It is essential to turn it always one way.

**CLARA V.**—Don't be in too great a hurry. Many trite sayings are true, such as "still waters are deepest." So wait till he comes again, and when he asks you to take his arm for a walk, reply archly, in placing it within his, "yes, and you too, as it's leap-year." That will bring him to book better than all the putting in the world.

**NELLIE G.**—The bow was perhaps neither demanded by "etiquette," nor indicative of "impudence." Situated as the gentleman is, it was perhaps simply the recognition made by a pastor to one of his flock.—If you want a good dye for the hair consult our article on the subject in No. 835. The handwriting is pretty good.

**DIDO.**—You do not read carefully our replies to Correspondents. See what was said to A SCOTTISH LASSIE in No. 829; to MIRANDA in No. 844; to A SUFFERER in No. 851; to DAISY in No. 876; and to ROSE in No. 880; let these replies act as an antidote to the poison of the apostle of fire and brimstone.

**EMILIE.**—Baskett's folio edition of the Bible, printed at Oxford in 1717, has a misprint in the headline, *The Parable of the Vinegar*, instead of "The Parable of the Vineyard;" hence the name, "Vinegar Bible."

**FLORA.**—Refrain from malt liquor, and take more exercise, particularly in the early morning; a walk before breakfast is the best antidote.

**GOODHAM.**—To soften the bristles of a hard brush, let the brush soak repeatedly in warm water, in which is dissolved a little crude soda.

**A MECHANIC.**—Horns may be softened in scalding water; they can be polished with buff leather and tripoli powder.

**OTHER COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—G. R.—B. B.—S. T.—A. E.—BRUNO.—A SUBSCRIBER (use name or initials; it is a misquotation from Prior's *Henry and Emma*; the words are, "Ere you degrease, and beautifully less")—J. F. (every information may be had on application at the institution).—T. B. (apply to a solicitor, instructing him to file a petition).—ORION (all are equally good, and well managed).—E. S. (not under twenty-one).—LOUISE (at the Swiss Consulate, 21, Old Broad Street, City, E.C.).—QUILL (by advertisement, or private recommendation).—ABRAHAM (if you cannot play by ear you must learn the notes).—YOUNG GIRL (as in *garb*; yes, to each of the other three questions).—GERTRUDE B. (*Agymone* is pronounced ag-a-pee-mo-nee; you may learn all about it in Nos. 601, 603, 605, and 807; ladylike).—A. B. C. (all his acts speak for themselves; consult papa or mamma about accepting the ring).—SARAH L. (we cannot repeat recipes; send two stamps for the number by post).—M. R. (it was the trite complaint of want of gallantry, and love of smoke).—A. I. (yes, the Princess Royal was a minor; for marriage-licences see reply to VENUS in No. 824).—POSSESSOR (take out an administration-summons through a solicitor, if the will has not been proved).—R. A. T. (sufficient for you, and for him also, if they were two separate payments).—SARAH A. E. (apply to Messrs. Coeks & Co., Music Publishers, New Burlington Street, W.).—ADA O. (it is only a civil contract, entered into at the Registrar's office; fifteen days, and twenty-one days' notice).—AUNT LIZZIE (apply to Mr. Mitchell, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C., for all particulars).—MAX L. (acquaint your friends, or you may be preparing a life of misery for the future).—MINNIE VESCI (why should you complain? If they are content, who is damaged?).—G. QUILTER (only in passenger-ships, and waiters are always preferred to clerks).—NETUNE (if they enjoy it, none).—B. B. (spare, but nutritious diet, muscular exercise, and exposure of the body to the action of the atmosphere).—EMMA G. (of Mr. Charles Goodman, bookseller, No. 407, Strand, W.C.).—MAY ROSE (gather ye rose-buds while ye may; but don't marry a man you cannot respect).—SARAH GEORGINA ("I aspire to rise, yet I fear to fall"; in other words, "I am a coward without a little encouragement").—ALEX (all depends upon its extent and annual profits).—DOCEO (in *Rose's Biographical Dictionary*).—HELIOTROPE (do they correspond?).—E. S. C. D. (under parental control till twenty-one).—T. A. (in No. 82; see also No. 492; send four stamps for the two by post).—LAURA A. W. (do not let that disturb you; but follow the counsel of your friends).—E. M. A. (ask your medical attendant to reason with him; or get your minister to speak to him).—C. X. N. (the liver is probably out of order; consult a medical man).—ADA M. (no; but he is living).—MISS P. (only in frolic; let him keep it).—AMICUS VERI (they are only to be obtained authentically from the Herald's Visitations; many of these have been published, and are accessible to the advertisers).—J. W. (what is French call?)—HAMPSHIRE BRAMBLE (see Nos. 719 and 728).—MINA M. (see No. 326).—W. M. (see "Wedding Procession" in No. 175, 3d. free).

# FAMILY HERALD.

## THE NAVAL SERVICE.

In our article on "The Civil Service," in No. 886, we gave an outline of the examinations and position of government clerks, and of those who carry on the practical working of the Executive Government; we are now about to give similar information to those who desire to enter the Royal Navy.

That we are the greatest and most successful merchant seamen in the world no one will dare to dispute. This is to be attributed no less to the insular position of our country, and to the enormous number of our widely-spread colonies, than to the indomitable courage and unswerving perseverance, which are the traditional characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race. Being a nation of thrifty and wealthy traders, whose miscellaneous wares are ever being conveyed to and fro on the "scattered deep," it has become necessary to support a strong and well-manned fleet, sufficiently numerous and equipped to cope on an emergency with any combination of foreign men-of-war, knowing, as we do, that our real safety and strongholds in the superiority of our Navy, rather than of the Army, which forms the strength of continental nations. This vital object has never been overlooked; and even of late, so threatening has been the attitude of a military ally as to have caused a severe panic, and consequently an enormous increase in our fleet, no less for the protection of our empire than for our own safety, and for the preservation of our merchandise afloat and our well-earned naval honours at home. This alarm, which appears to be a periodical epidemic, has not only resulted in an increase to our Navy, but has also aroused an unwonted activity amongst our officials, and induced a close investigation on the part of the Executive; and public attention thus directed to the subject has induced us to give an account of the Naval Service, the mode of admission, and the prospects held out therein.

The Board of Admiralty, under whose management the whole of the Royal Navy is conducted, comprises a Lord High Admiral, who is supported by a council and secretary. His duties, however, are performed by a board of commissioners, whenever the office of Lord High Admiral, which is reserved for Royalty, is in abeyance. This office has existed from time immemorial, though we do not find the title in full till 1385, since which it has only been held by four persons, namely, James II., when Duke of York, George of Denmark, Lord Pembroke, and William IV. when Duke of Clarence. So bad was its management in 1406 that the control for a short period was handed over to two merchants, who were however speedily eased of their arduous duties by the Earl of Somerset. Henry VIII. first constituted, and James II., when Duke of York, first organised the Admiralty so as to lay the foundation of the Navy of England. The latter prince issued the first fighting instructions, bearing date 1660, which formed the basis of all subsequent ones. The dignitaries aforesaid are assisted in their various departments by the Surveyor, the Accountant-General, the Store-keeper-General, the Comptroller of the Victualling, and the Director-General of the Medical Department. A numerous staff of subordinate officers are employed to carry out the directions of these superiors, both in London and at the various naval stations. These officials, with the artisans and labourers who form the civil establishment of the Navy, comprehend a portion of the Civil Service of the country, and are nominated to their appointments by the Board, frequently on political and compassionate grounds. These appointments, by the way, almost to the lowest grade, are made subject to examinations. The official residence of the First Lord and the Secretary's office are at Whitehall, where also levees are held and the Board has its sittings. Before fixing here, its movements had been rather itinerant. Once we hear of it as being at Admiral Herbert's lodgings, in Channel Row, Westminster; afterwards at a house originally built for the notorious Jeffreys (now Duke Street Chapel); then at Greenwich; and afterwards at Wallingford House, its present site, but formerly the residence of the celebrated Duke of Buckingham. The principal effective branch, however, is at Somerset House, whither it was transferred on the demolition of the ancient residence of the proud Duke of Somerset, and the erection of the present magnificent building, at the end of the last century.

The appointments of all officers are vested in the Board of Admiralty, with the exception of a few sinecures, over which captains and superior officers hold control. The Board, also through its Secretary, nominates all cadets before examination. After the lad, who must not be under twelve, nor above fourteen years of age, has passed a satisfactory examination at the Royal Naval College, within the period of three months after his nomination, the subjects of which are very ordinary, and for the preparation to which some capital private institutions are founded, he is placed on the books of a training-ship. At the end of twelve months he is examined again; and, after three months' longer instruction in a sea-going training-ship, he receives his appointment with the rating of midshipman. At the expiration of two and a-half years from that time he will be required to pass another examination; and, if of the age of nineteen, he is eligible for mate.

Five and a-half years' actual service is requisite to qualify a candidate for a lieutenancy. Previous to his appointment as lieutenant it rarely happens that a youth meets with any obstacle in the way of employment. It is at this latter point that the ability and conduct of the officer are considered before he receives further commissions, so as to enable him through service to rise to the higher ranks of the profession. A great number of men are thus placed on the Lieutenants' list for half-pay who never see further service, though their solicitations to the Admiralty be ever so urgent. Half and retired pay are not allowed to mates and midshipmen, except in extraordinary cases. Indeed, as it is found difficult for officers, from the rank of midshipman even to that of admiral, to live on their pay, their expenses varying on foreign stations and in different ships, it is desirable for all who enter the service to have also some private means of their own.

Masters and Second Masters commence their career as Masters' Assistants at from fourteen to sixteen years of age, which is extended to twenty years in the case of candidates who have served at least two years in the Merchant Service. They are also subject to examinations on entry, and on promotion to Second Master.

Paymasters must have had a term of service as Naval Clerks, in which capacity they are put through a course of examinations and of training in keeping Ships'-books. These two latter officers occasionally obtain the nominal rank of Captain after a certain period of service.

A candidate for an Assistant-Surgeonship is required to hold a diploma in medicine and surgery, that would enable him to practise in this country, and to pass an examination in naval surgery and hygiene. His office is comparatively much more lucrative than that of any other officer in the fleet.

Chaplains, who frequently hold also the office of Naval Instructors or Schoolmasters, must be duly qualified ministers, and pass such examinations as the Board of Admiralty may require, especially for the latter appointment. They are not allowed to hold a cure of souls, nor to receive half-pay till after a lengthened service on full pay.

The Engineers, who are an important class, introduced into the Navy through the appliance of steam to our ships, have of late had such an increase of pay and prospects as to have caused an influx of really most highly-gifted men.

All "boys" under the age of eighteen who join the service are required to enter into an engagement to serve Her Majesty for the space of ten years, in addition to the time they may serve till they are of the age of eighteen. The fixed stature of candidates is entirely dependent on their respective ages; and the sum of forty shillings, which was formerly required for outfit, is now dispensed with. Fourteen is the minimum age at which a boy will be entered. Pensions are granted for service to all continuous and general service men and boys after twenty years' service, from the age of eighteen.

The superior appointments for sailors of good conduct and skill on board ship are so numerous, and the pensions offered seem so enticing, that it is somewhat astonishing that seamen are ever wanting, especially on looking at the neatly-kept deck and cabins, and the general comfort on board.

The constant and rapid increase of our population is continually choking up every species of occupation on shore. Numbers of hardy lads and young men are hanging idly about, or working for very small pay; while the removal of that press-gang system, so odious to English ideas, and the evident and honest desire of the Admiralty as well as of the public to increase the comfort of men so useful to their country, are facts which in our opinion should act as inducements to our youth to enter this honourable and wide field for employment.

The force of Royal Marines is also attached to the Navy, and is under the instructions and control of the Board of Admiralty. At the present time they are considered by competent judges to be the finest body of soldiers in the British service, and are rendered doubly useful from their knowledge of a man-of-war with all its gear, and their own quick and regular movements ashore, the perfection of which has been so pointedly touched on by His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief and other reviewing officers.

A candidate for a Royal Marine cadetship is required to produce certificates as to his age, conduct, and physical strength, before examination; no one being eligible under the age of fifteen, nor above seventeen years. The examination embraces the ordinary subjects, such as algebra, arithmetic, and Euclid, which, if passed successfully, entitles him to be placed as a marine cadet on board the gunnery ship at Portsmouth. Such cadets as show themselves possessed of superior abilities will at the discretion of the Admiralty be placed in the artillery list of Royal Marines. The cadet will be examined from time to time, and if after the expiration of the first and second years after admission he is proved not able to pass the necessary examinations, he will be immediately dismissed. On appointment he will be gazetted as second lieutenant, and from that he is eligible for promotion by the same steps as in the military service; and in some cases marine officers receive brevet rank in the Army. The entrée and expenses of an officer in this corps are probably less than that of any commissioned officer in any arm of either the military or the naval services.

The Coast-guard service, which was formerly under the administration of the Board of Customs, is now governed by the Comptroller of the Coast Guard, subject to orders from the Board of Admiralty. The officers and men have both served in the Royal Navy, and have been found most efficient in their stations; but as no further appointments of the latter will be made, the duty will eventually be performed by guard-ships of war. The two bodies of volunteers are of especial use as reserves.

Having thus briefly described the steps of a sailor's career, from its commencement to its final consummation, we would just touch on the qualities which are required for this profession, and its general effect on the character. It is almost superfluous to say that endurance, courage, coolness, and subordination, are the very first requisites for the sailor, to carry him successfully on from the "middy" to the commander; and there is no profession where such qualities are so necessarily cultivated and developed. Again, in its very nature it produces the peculiar characteristics which mark the blue-jacket, of whatever rank; the isolation from ordinary society, from domestic ties, and from the various amusements and occupations of the landsman, gradually forms that strange mixture of simplicity of manner, and decision of character, of bluntness, and warm-hearted and cordial good feeling, which is so attractive and so peculiar, we might say, to the British Navy. And from the very distinctness and peculiarity of the seaman's life from any other, it equally follows that while it should be entered on from real inclination, it will fix even the tyro in the career, by rendering him, in some measure, unfit for any other occupation.

It is useless to enumerate the long list of glorious deeds and battles won by a host of naval heroes, from Drake to Nelson and Codrington, who have helped to make their country what she now is; or to refer to what will consequently

be expected of their hardy followers, should necessity and patriotism call them forth to declare once more their superiority in her defence: and it would be equally trite to recount the daring which has been displayed by such gallant officers as Parry, Ross, Franklin, and M'Clintock. Suffice it to say that these and thousands of other names might be added to that roll, which by its length and its brilliancy only tends to show to the British sailor, of whatever rank, the hardships and the skill, the perils and the glory to which his race are heirs; so much the more so, seeing that it is on her Navy that old England so confidently depends.

### REMEMBER ME!

Remember me!—who can forget  
Those touching words by fond lips  
spoken,  
When eyes are dimm'd with dewy tears,  
And hearts with grief are nearly broken?  
Remember me! The parting words  
Of friends, perhaps about to sever  
For days, for months, it may be years,  
Perchance on earth to part for ever.

Remember me! When death is nigh,  
And some loved spirit fast is fleeing,  
Those accents seem to shadow forth  
The promise of a deathless meeting.  
Remember me! What depth of love  
Those simple words at once reveal;  
They seem the language of the heart,  
A sad, and yet a sweet appeal.

H. D.

### FAMILY MATTERS.

Ambition, energy, industry, and perseverance are indispensable for success in business.

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others.

**THE CLOSE OF LIFE.**—It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow than to have ruled an empire.

**LOVE OF ORNAMENT.**—The love of ornament creeps slowly, but surely, into the female heart. A girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily were fadeless and the stream a mirror. We say, let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.

**SPRING DISEASES.**—Any housekeeper would be considered demented who would keep up as fierce a fire on the hearth in the spring as in mid-winter. On the contrary, as the days grow warmer, less and less fuel is used, until the fire is not kindled at all. One of the two main objects of eating is to keep the body warm; and it need not be argued that less warmth is required in summer than in winter; but if we eat as heartily as the spring advances as we did in cold weather, we shall burn up with fever, because we have made too much heat. The instincts of our nature are perfectly wonderful. To our shame is it that we not only do not heed them, but oppose them, fight against them with an amazing fatuity. As the warm weather comes on, we are all conscious of a diminution of appetite, and we either begin to apprehend we are about to get sick, or set about stimulating ourselves with tonics, and bitters, and various kinds of teas, with a view of purifying the blood. How many swills of saffras-tea has the reader taken to that end! No such purification would be needed if we would follow Nature's instincts, and eat only with the inclination she gives us, instead of taking tonics to make us eat more, when we actually require less. Observant persons have noticed that as spring comes on there is less relish for meats of all kinds, and we yearn for the early spring vegetables, the "greens," the salads, the spinach, the radishes, and the like. Why? Just look at it! Meats have more than fifty per cent. of carbon, of the heating form principle. Vegetables and fruit have ten per cent., five per cent., one per cent. of heat! Potatoes have eleven per cent., turnips three per cent., gooseberries only one. Literally, incalculable are the good results which would follow a practical attention to these facts. Those who are wise will take no tonics for the spring, will swallow no teas to purify the blood, nor imagine themselves to be about getting sick because they have not in May as vigorous an appetite as in December; but will at once yield themselves to the guidance of the instincts, and eat not an atom more than they have an inclination for, to the end of a joyous spring-time and a summer of glorious health; while those who will eat, who will stimulate the stomach with tonics, and "force" their food, must suffer with drowsiness, depression, and distressing lassitude; and while all nature is waking up to gladness and newness of life, they will have no renovation and no well-springs of joyous and exuberant health.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

### A ROSEBUD IN THE PARK.

When I get soul-and-body weary I like to stroll into the park, sit quietly down, and watch the children with their nurses. I have sometimes imagined that the park-keepers oftener lift up the children of pretty nurses, to see the swans, and the ducks, than those under the charge of ordinary ones; but I may be mistaken. I think, too, that I can pick out every child there who has a sensible mother. She neither exposes its little bare beautiful legs to the treacherous winds of early spring, nor puts out her baby's eyes with a dazzling white veil, nor dresses her child so fine that it cannot sit down on one of the seats, nor imprisons its busy hands in stiff kid gloves, putting thus a veto upon its near acquaintance with pretty pebbles or sticks, or a chance daisy or a buttercup. If her child is deformed, she does not render the poor little creature's misfortune more conspicuous by a showy costume. If her boy has grown big enough to be ashamed of long, girlish ringlets about his shoulders, she does not insist upon sacrificing his incipient manliness to her absurd vanity. With these old foggy views you may be sure that my list of children who are blessed with sensible mothers is rather limited than other-

wise. Still it comforts me that it takes a long time for the weakest mother to spoil a very little child; to transmute its naturalness into artificiality, and graduate lip, eye, and brow in fashion's school. So I love to watch them, encumbered as their gracefulness often is with fine trappings. It is an article in my creed that a pretty child looks prettiest when plainly dressed, and that a plain one never can be made pretty by "fuss and feathers." I saw a little girl—thing, the other day there, shaking her flossy golden ringlets about under a sensible hat, and toddling before me on the green-sward with the funniest little feet that ever nested a dimple. I wanted to see the face under that hat; so I stooped down—uncertain what reception I should meet, and peeped under the brim. Not a droop of the clear eyes; not a blush of shyness; but, instead, two of the sweetest parted lips in the world, put trustfully up to kiss me. I'm not ashamed to say that there was a big lump in my throat, and a moisture about my eyes as I returned it, or that I looked after her till she was out of sight, and prayed Heaven she might never give a kiss less purely, or where it would be less valued. I have felt the dewy fragrant touch of those little lips often since, though I don't know what mother's pet I blessed; nor does it matter.

FANNY FERN.

### SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A correspondent assures the *United Service Gazette* that, unless means are devised for preventing the decay of the oak-tree by the insects that produce gall-nuts, there will not be a single oak left in the course of a few years.

It appears, from experiments of Lieutenant Rodman, United States Artillery, that guns lose nearly half their strength by being bored after being cast solid, and if cast hollow upon a cold core, they were not only so much stronger, but twenty times more durable. A gun east hollow was fired 2,500 times, while one bored from the solid burst at the seventy-third round.

**TO DETECT COTTON IN WOOLLEN FABRICS.**—The presence of cotton in a woollen fabric may be easily recognised by the following tests. When boiled for twenty minutes in a solution of nitrate of mercury the woollen fibres acquire a red colour, but the cotton fibres remain colourless. When the fabric is boiled with caustic soda solution (sp. gr. 1.05) the wool dissolves, but the cotton is only slightly affected. Picric acid also stains wool yellow, but has no action on cotton.—*Chemical News.*

**LARGE BURNING GLASS.**—An ingenious artisan, residing in Islington, has fabricated a burning-glass of most extraordinary powers. Its diameter is 3 feet; its powers are astonishing; the most hard and solid substances of the mineral world, such as platinum, iron, steel, flint, &c., are melted in a few seconds on being exposed to its intense focus. A diamond, weighing 10 grains, exposed to this extraordinary lens for half an hour, was reduced to 6 grains, during which operation it opened and foliated like the leaves of a flower, and emitted whitish fumes, and when closed again it bore a polish and retained its form.

**A LOOM-MADE SHIRT.**—Thomas Hall, a linen-weaver in Ireland, has finished a shirt entirely in the loom. It is woven throughout without seams, and very accurately and neatly gathered at the neck, shoulders, and wrists. The neck and wrist-bands are doubled and stitched; there is a regular selvyge on each side of the breast; and where stitching ordinarily is, so it is in this shirt. In short, it is as perfectly finished as if made by an expert needle-woman. The shirt has been exhibited to several persons in the linen trade, who are completely satisfied that it is actually the production of the loom, without any assistance from the needle.

**HOT WATER FOR GREEN FLY.**—We have made some experiments in order to ascertain how high the temperature of water may be, without injury to very young shoots of roses that may be covered with green fly or aphid, when applied as a remedy. We find the insect readily killed at 120°. One plant of Paul Perras, which was plunged three times, for a second each time, into water at 135°, has a very few black spots on the tenderness of the leaves. The insects were instantly killed. Water at this temperature is therefore perfectly safe for anything. As a remedy against all soft-skinned insects, we regard this as the most simple and effectual discovery ever made.—*American Gardener's Monthly.*

### VENTILATE THE CHURCHES AND THE SCHOOLS.

We have pointed out in No. 882 the necessity of ventilating the shop. Those observations apply not only to the tradesman's shop, but also to the workshop or factory. The fearful decadence of the health of the inhabitants of such towns as Manchester, Oldham, and Sheffield, which are in truth but congregations of workshops, is notorious; the pale wan faces of the dwellers there too truly tell the want of pure, clean, fresh air.

Passing now from the private shop to public institutions we are compelled to admit the same radical fault—the want of that element which is "the breath of life."

In our churches, schools, and assemblies, people who go there suffer more or less from this evil. It is proverbial how persons, young and old, suffer from colds, bronchitis, and influenza; all of which are said to be "caught," when they return from some public place of assembly. The question naturally arises, how is this? The answer is, that it is caused by the sudden change which the body undergoes in passing from a heated impure air to that of the natural temperature, containing also its proper proportion of elements. Man requires for his health one gallon of air every minute of his life; the individuals of a church congregation are rarely, if ever, supplied with a quarter of that quantity. Only at the cathedrals is the air space in proportion to the worshippers. A man of large lungs inhales about twenty-five cubic inches of air at each respiration; he breathes eleven times a minute, and thus requires nine and a half cubic feet of air every hour. Now when there are a thousand persons under one roof (some of the metropolitan churches and chapels contain 2,500 persons) for a

couple of hours, it is evident that twenty thousand cubic feet of air are required to supply that which is necessary for existence to these thousand persons in a pure atmosphere, so that of course a much larger quantity than that is required in order that a current can be established to remove the effete matter of exhalation.

The evils of vitiated air are also more to be guarded against, because persons can live in it without being aware of its danger, as far as their sensations are concerned. When we enter a crowded assembly on a cold day the air is always at first repulsive and oppressive; but these sensations gradually disappear, and we then breathe freely, and are unconscious of the quality of the air. Science, however, reveals the fact that the system sinks in action to meet the conditions of the impure air, but it does so at the expense of having the vital functions gradually depressed, and when this is continued disease follows. No disease can be thoroughly cured when there is a want of ventilation. It is related that illness continued in a family until a pane of glass was accidentally broken, and then it ceased; the window not being repaired, a plentiful supply of fresh air was admitted.

The practice of building sepulchral vaults under the churches was fraught with the greatest evil to the health of those who went into the edifice for sacred purposes. But with few exceptions it is now interdicted by the legislature; still a great deal in the way of improvement has to be done. Nearly all the churches in the empire require some artificial means of ventilation to render them physically fit receptacles for the body during a prolonged service. The Sunday schools also, as a general rule, are very ill ventilated; and lessons in the second hour are far worse rendered than in the first, solely arising from a semi-lethargic coma, that comes over the pupils breathing a carbonic air, which has already done duty and been inhaled by others several times. However it is to be regretted, it is yet true that people will sometimes sleep during the sermon. Now, the minister must not be twitted with this, for with the oratory of a Jeremy Taylor or a Tillotson people could not be kept awake in an atmosphere charged with carbonic gas, the emanations of a thousand listeners. The churchwardens should ventilate the churches, and see that the congregations have sufficient air for breathing; if people go to sleep they are more to blame than the preacher. S. P.

STATISTICS.

More than £125,000,000 has been paid as Income Tax since it was established by the late Sir Robert Peel.

There are 1,000 manufacturers of cigars in Philadelphia. The weekly production of cigars is estimated at six millions, which is equal to 312 millions annually.

Since the commencement of the year 1854, 347 gentlemen then in the House of Commons have ceased to have a share in the deliberations of that august assembly. The average of a parliamentary life is about twelve years.

THE COINAGE.—A return relating to the operations of the Mint is now issued. The number of sovereigns coined in 1859 was 1,547,603; of half sovereigns 2,203,813—a greater number than those of the former year, when 803,234 sovereigns and 855,578 half sovereigns were coined. The total value of all the gold coinage manufactured at the Mint during the last ten years was £54,490,265.

MALT.—The total number of quarters of malt made in the United Kingdom from the 1st of October, 1858, to the 1st of October, 1859, was 6,122,892; of which number 5,068,646 quarters were made in England, 691,258 in Scotland, and 362,988 in Ireland. Duty was paid on only 5,463,010 quarters; the remaining 659,882 quarters being free from duty, either on the ground of exportation or for being for distillery purposes. The brewers used of the above quantity—in England, 3,077,849 quarters; in Scotland 163,104 quarters; and in Ireland 296,613 quarters; or a total of 3,541,766 quarters. The quantity used by the victuallers was—in England, 889,764 quarters; in Scotland, 24,774 quarters; and in Ireland none. The retail brewers in England also used 410,098 quarters; giving a total used by brewers, victuallers, and retail brewers, of 4,866,402 quarters.

PUBLIC EDUCATION.—The Vote for Education, Science, and Art, in the Civil Service estimates, is to be £1,305,912—a decrease of £22,541 upon the vote of last year. The first item for Public Education in Great Britain is £798,167, a decrease of £38,753. The grant for pupil teachers continues to absorb more than a third of the entire sum; there are now no less than 15,224 of them; the stipend begins at £10, rises gradually to £20, and is paid for five years, the schoolmaster also receiving a gratuity of £3 or £5 a year for the special instruction of the pupil teacher. There is then a charge of £100,000 for the Training Colleges, to which the great body of the pupil teachers proceed for a year or two at the end of the five, with the advantage of a Queen's scholarship or exhibition to meet the expenses, unless they fail to obtain the minimum number of marks on examination. There are nearly 2,800 students in the training colleges.

WATCHES AND WATCHMAKING.—The number of watches exported by Switzerland in the year 1858, independently of vast numbers smuggled, was 346,894, the value of which, supposing one out of three to be gold, would be £1,166,800. The returns of the Goldsmiths' Hall of England, for the same year, give, as made in London, 83,614 silver watches, and gold watches, 26,870; in Chester, 13,648 silver watches, and gold watches, 8,200; and in Coventry 16,000 silver watches—in the whole, 146,332, of a total value of £670,486. Thus, as compared with Swiss production, our number is one-third, and our value one-half. Moreover, in 1856, 90,000 watches were imported into England; in 1858, 99,329; and, during the present year, no fewer than 100,000 foreign watches passed the Custom House for home consumption. In 1857 we exported to America 14,141 watches of home manufacture; of foreign, 400; our own Colonies of Australia taking of British manufacture only 3,082, whilst of foreign make they took 6,722!

VARIETIES.

The Ellison Water-Colour Collection of Paintings has been deposited in the South Kensington Museum, and is now exhibited to the public.

One hundred men could not carry the amount of the national debt of England counted out in ten-pound Bank of England notes, notwithstanding the lightness of the paper they are printed on.

The secretary of the Atlantic Telegraph Company announces that an attempt is being made this summer to restore communication through the cable (2,050 miles in length), and that an expedition has already been sent out for that purpose. It is asserted that the wire may be lifted for any depth and examined.

Westminster old bridge is rapidly coming down, and Westminster new bridge as rapidly springing into existence. Mr. Page, the architect of the beautiful structure which is to span the river between Westminster and Lambeth, has devised an ingenious plan for pulling down the old bridge without inconvenience to the public traffic, by constructing a temporary wooden bridge on the eastward side for foot passengers only, which is approached from the recesses on the Middlesex and Surrey side.

THE NEW WINE DUTIES.—In the Customs Tariff Act, just printed, the new wine duties are set forth. From the 29th February to the 31st December next, the duty on importation is 3s. the gallon, with a drawback. On and after the 1st January, 1861, if imported in bottles, the duty is to be 2s. the gallon, or so much according to the degrees, varying from 1s. to 2s. the gallon. The Commissioners of Customs are to determine into what ports in Great Britain and Ireland wine may or may not be imported.

THE LATE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The gold medals of the Royal Geographical Society have been presented to Lady Franklin and Sir F. L. McClintock, and on the presentation of the freedom of the city to Sir Leopold McClintock, Sir Roderick Murchison stated that "the House of Commons has resolved that due honour shall be done to the Franklin expedition, by commemorating the services of Franklin, and erecting to him a great national statue or monument, upon which will be inscribed that he was the first discoverer of the North-West Passage." He added, "There can be no more appropriate site for such a record than near the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square; for it ought to be remembered that Sir John Franklin served under that great naval hero."

ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Mr. Parker Snow is anxious for a final expedition to the Arctic regions, for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. He is not satisfied with the result of Sir Leopold McClintock's discoveries, and he proposes, if public generosity will place £3,500 at his disposal, to proceed on his explorations in 1861. He will enter the North-West Passage by Behring's Straits, and will mainly direct his attention to a close examination of King William's Land and the coast adjoining the mouth of the Great Fish River and the Boothian Peninsula. The enterprise receives the support of several influential persons, who have formed themselves into a committee for the promotion of Captain Snow's laudable, but we fear hopeless, project. Lady Franklin is said to have guaranteed the "preliminary expenses."

ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.—Dr. Pick, from Vienna, is delivering a course of lectures at 17, Harley Street, W., "On Preserving and Improving the Memory"—that wonderful faculty which is the basis of intellectual life, and possessed by all creatures. Several instances are mentioned of the retentive memory of the ant, the bee, and the elephant. Dr. Pick's system of improving the memory principally consists in always associating one idea to be remembered with another. Thus a long train of ideas may be remembered by their association, as War—Crimea—Russia—The Chancery Court—Chancery Lane—Fleet Street—Omnibuses—Temple Bar—Turnpikes—The Country Road—The Stage Coach—The Railroad—Steam-Engine—Stephenson—Coal-Mines—Coals—Power of England. Thus the chain of thought draws up, as it were, Memory from its well by many links. Upon a number, composed of a hundred units or more, being dictated, the Professor will reproduce the same from memory, beginning from right to left or left to right, repeating them either in groups of three, or continuously.

THE RIDDLER.

THE RIDDLER'S SOLUTIONS OF No. 891.

ENIGMA: Bay. CHARADE: Mass-acre.

REBUS: Athens; Philip of Macedon; Rhodios; Oak; Nile.—APRON.

The following answer all: Tootell.—Pattison.—C. J. L.—Amazon.—Cedipus.—Enigma and Charade: Edmund.—Sadler.—Lemuel.—Errington.—Hinton.—Muta (no).—W. A. E. D.—G. F. C.—Harbledown.—H. W.—Iris.—W. J. R.—Gladius.—Dora.—J. L. J.—Enigma and Rebus: Jessy.—Brimmer.—Jones.—Empire.—Golding.—Enigma: Mills.—F. P.—Hemsley.—Anne H.—Estephania—Crayford.—Rosa M.—Ethel.—Maurice G.—Charade: Western.—Andrew.—Dinah.—Clara J.—Rebus: Wootton.—Cambria.—Edward.—G. M. C.—Samuel H.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. There were six women, and the flannel cost 10½¢. per yard. The sum laid out should have been £5. 14s. 2½d., instead of £5. 14s. 2½d., and the result obtained by geometrical progression.
2. He would travel 640,800 yards, or 364 miles 160 yards.
3. The Diameter of the Greater Circle is 165-6552, and that of each of the Lesser Circles, 49-5597.

The following have sent solutions to all: Veritas.—Howells.—Edmund.—Wardle.—Carr.—Sadler.  
To 1st and 2nd.—Emmerson.—Kilroe.—Brightson.—Lingard.  
To 2nd and 3rd.—Steele.—D. S. D.—Buglass.  
To 1st.—Ittis.—Mills.—To 2nd.—Jones.—Urbs Intacta.—Bennycaastle.—Lemuel.—Smith.—Hinde.—Wollaston.—Gapp.—F. P.—Juvenia.—Tootell.  
To 3rd.—Cata.—Mills (nearly).—Mossby.

## RANDOM READINGS.

What is that which can be right but never wrong?—An angle.

When an actor "brings down the house," where does he take it to?

The quickest way to make a tall man *short* is to borrow all the money he has got.

Lovers have more occasion than any other class of persons to talk pathetically about the *lost arts*.

*Particular Lady*: Is your veal really fresh, sir? *Honest Butcher*: Yes'm, 'twas born and killed yesterday!

Many beautiful women when walking in the streets seem very angry if they are gazed at, and sadly disappointed if they are not.

There are some men so rascally, that it is only the fear of showing them our pockets, that prevents us from turning our backs upon them.

Thomas Hood once admonished a gossiping Christian to beware lest her piety should prove, after all, to be nothing better than Mag-piety.

Jeremy Taylor says that "a good wife should be a looking-glass to her husband." But we think she might and should make him see in her something better than himself.

A lawyer engaged in a case tormented a witness so much with questions that the poor fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the judge, "I thought you'd pump him dry!"

A young fellow having been charged with getting drunk the night before, and wishing to justify himself, declared that he never was drunk, nor never meant to be, for it always made him feel so bad the next morning.

"Will you have cat-sup?" asked a pedantic gentleman of Aunt Priscilla, at a dinner-table. "Dear me, no!" she replied, with a shudder. "I'm fond of cats in their places; but I should as soon think of eating dog-soup."

A doctor and a military officer became enamoured of the same lady. A friend asked her which of the two suitors she intended to favour. She replied that "it was difficult for her to determine, as they were such killing creatures."

Some person whom Quin had offended met him one day in the street and stopped him. "Mr. Quin," said he, "I—I—I understand that you have been taking away my name."—"What have I said, sir?"—"You—you—you called me a scoundrel, sir."—"Oh then, keep your name, sir," replied Quin, and walked on.

A man with a rag-bag in his hand was picking up a large number of pieces of whalebone which lay in the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature that we asked the quaint-looking gatherer how he supposed they came there. "Don't know," he replied, in a squeaking voice, "spect some unfortunate female was wrecked hereabouts."

The first symptoms of love in the wisest of the world's philosophers were certainly very remarkable. "Leaning," says Socrates, "my shoulder to her shoulder, and my head to hers, as we were reading together in a book, I felt, it is a fact, a sudden sting in my shoulder, like the biting of a flea, which I still felt above five days after, and a continual itching crept into my heart."

Smith had quite a small nose, and was cross-eyed, while Jones had a very large nose. Meeting one day, Jones, after looking with a comical expression at Smith, remarked, "Lucky for you, Smith, that you're cross-eyed; for if you wa'n't, you never could see your nose."—"Lucky for you, Jones," instantly retorted Smith, "that you're not cross-eyed; for if you were, you never could see anything but your nose."

The wealthy Marquis de Aligre, who died some time ago, was so parsimonious that, seeing his servant one day with a smart-looking hat, he reprimanded him for his extravagance. "But it is the old hat you gave me; I had it ironed for a franc."—"Ah," said the marquis, "but I did not know it could be restored. Here is the franc you paid—I will take the hat," and he forthwith transferred the renovated beaver to his own head.

Two legislators were recently conversing upon the subject of voting, when one of them inquired, "Well, now, but what is a man to do when he don't know anything about a matter?"—"Well," replied the other, "I have got two rules about that; when anything comes up, I keep my eyes open, and vote as somebody else does whom I believe to be honest, or else I vote against it. I believe, as a general thing, the safest way is to vote against everything."

A good story is told of an old usurer who went one day to visit a former borrower, who had since fortunately grown from poverty to independence. They went into the garden. Passing along a walk flanked on either side with flowers of great beauty and variety, the visitor made no remark until he came to a potato patch, when he exclaimed, "My friend, you'll have a fine crop of potatoes there!"—"That's just like you," said the proprietor; "when gentlemen and ladies pass through my garden they look at the flowers; but when a hog comes in, all he can see is potatoes!"

A Paris correspondent relates the following: "I heard an amusing anecdote the other day, illustrative of French incompetency to master any foreign language. A young married lady, wedded to a German or a Dutchman, was making purchases in the Chaussée d'Antin. At length she desired the things purchased might be sent to her address. "And your name, ma'am?"—"Really, sir, I am not acquainted with my name; I was the Princess Tremouille, and I have married the Baron—Tenter—Tenter—If you will call my servant, who is at the door, I think he knows."

DAY AND NIGHT.—A widow lady named Day, having married a gentleman named Knight, a wag perpetrated the following parody at her expense:

"I've lost a Day; the widow sadly cried—  
So took a Knight to comfort her beside."

A RACY MAXIM.—You cannot more insult a man than by telling him he knows nothing of horse-flesh.

HARD LAWS.—A lecturer on the capabilities of Australia is reported to have said that "There were hills and ranges of marble, some of it as pure as that of which the statues of Athens were made."

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—Typographical errors come in odd sometimes. The other day we were reading a description of enthusiastic demonstrations at a political gathering, when the type went on with—"The air was rent with the snouts of three thousand people!"

GENUINE WIT.—"Mr. O'Flaherty," said a pompous fellow, "you would be a long time in Ireland before a squire would ask you to dinner."—"Ah, then, troth I would, your honour," responded Mr. O'Flaherty; "and your honour would be a long time in Ireland before they would make you a squire."

SIMPLICITY.—A young Scotch girl inquired of a gentleman, in broad Scotch, the road to Tremont House. He desired her to follow him, and asked her how long she had arrived from Scotland. "Sax weeks, your honour." On their arrival at their destination, she very coolly inquired, "Noo, sir, wal ye just tell me hoo ye kened I was frae Scotland?"—*New York Paper*.

NOW HE'LL KNOW!—Hayman, a famous artist one hundred years ago, was a wit. One of his associates was always complaining of ill health and low spirits, without being able to assign any particular malady as the cause. One evening at Hayman's club it was mentioned that this *malade imaginaire* had been married the day before. "Is he!—and be hanged to him!" said Hayman. "Now he'll know what ails him."—*Prior's Life of Malone*.

DOING A YANKEE.—A stout gentleman, well known in China, was lately fêted at Taiwan for two or three days, the "observed of all observers," he being an immense man, and a good specimen of a trans-Atlantic Anglo-Saxon, but the series of crowded visits he received at last became troublesome, and he found he was being made too much of. The fact was he was being exhibited, a charge being made for the exhibition!—*Twelve Years in China*.

INGENIOUS ORDER.—A Volunteer Rifle captain, desiring to cross a field with his company, came to an opening in the fence large enough to admit two persons, but no more, to pass abreast. Unfortunately he could not remember the words of command which would have accomplished the difficult task of filing through; but his ingenuity did not desert him, and therefore he ordered a halt, and then said—"Gentlemen, you are dismissed for one minute, when you will fall in on t'other side of the fence."

TOO GREAT A TEMPTATION.—An Irishman, entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well-defined form of a large round head bulging out of the canvas of a tent. The temptation was irresistible; up went his shillelah—down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction. "Och! Nicholas," said they, "and did ye not know it was Brady O'Brien ye hit?"—"Truth, did I not," says he; "bad luck to me for that same; but sure if my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convanient, I could not have helped myself."

CLERICAL WIT.—A popular preacher, who, like Orator Henley of old, does not object to the introduction of a joke in his sermons, does not confine his *bon mots* to the pulpit. At a meeting of his supporters in behalf of the building of a new chapel, the list of contributors being read over, there appeared successively the names of "Duke, Knight, and King," the latter down for five shillings. "Dear me!" exclaimed the preacher, "we have got into grand company—a duke, a knight, and a King too!—and the King has actually given his crown!—what a liberal monarch!" Directly after a "Mr. Pig" was called out as having given a guinea. "That," said the clerical punster, "is a guinea pig."

SERMON FEES.—A story, which went the round of Oxford "high tables" a few years since, relates how a poor woman, having lost her husband, requested the "parson" to preach the usual *éloge*. He kindly expressed his consent, adding that his charge was two guineas. "Oh, your reverence!" was the answer, "I be a poor widow woman, and cannot spare so much money."—"Well," said the parson, "it is contrary to my usual rule to take less, but I don't mind obliging an old parishioner in trouble, and so will say only one guinea."—"Oh, sir; but the good man has left me next to nothing, and there will be his funeral to pay for, and what not, and sure, too, you'll be having the burial fees. Can't you then do it for ten shillings?"—"Yes, I'll do it," was the angry reply, "but it will be the greatest stuff you ever heard."—*Universal Review*.

## HOW TO GO IT.

Go it strong in your praise of the absent—some of it will be sure to get around.

Go it strong when taking up contributions for a charitable purpose. It will pay.

Go it strong when you make love to a pretty widow. More people have erred by too little than too much in this particular.

Go it strong when you make a public speech. Nine people out of ten never take any allusion unless it cuts like a short-handled whip or a cudgel.

Go it strong when you advertise. Business is like architecture—its best supporters are full columns.

Go it strong, and pay the printer. Never grudge him his price. Recollect it is he who brings customers to your very door, who otherwise would never discover your whereabouts.

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